The Relief Society Magazine

, NO. 8 LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER AUGUST, 1941

MRS ESTELLA S HARRIS
J Y UNIVERSITY
PROVO UT
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THE COVER

Great Salt Lake . . .

T. J. Howells, M. D.

GREAT SALT LAKE—the Salt Sea of America! I cannot remember how long, how wide or how deep it is. These facts are crowded out of my memory by scenes and events of my childhood. I love the Lake. It was the scene of my mother's romance. It was the resort of the Pioneers. The Pioneers loved it as they looked down for the first time on its blue waters and wasted shores. It has tied itself into our history and our lives.

Black Rock, Garfield, and Saltair—these are names to conjure with. The Garfield resort was the playground for the children of our Pioneers. A narrow-gauge railroad connected it with Salt Lake City. What an adventure, what days of preparation and what planning to get there! Baskets bursting with good food, a family party, a family shrine, a place to meet your neighbors and friends, days of unforgettable pleasure and nights of romance!

A specimen of crystallized salt was to be found in most of the parlors in the early homes of this city, and a horseshoe was the favorite pattern.

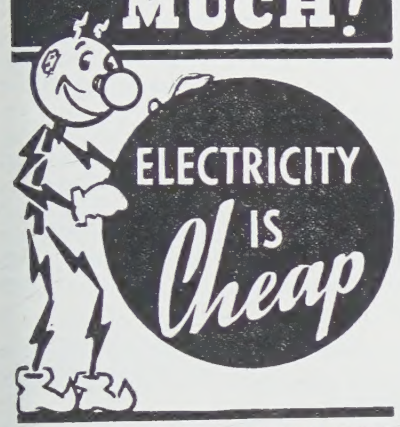
Memories are definitely tied up to the great holidays of summer, and they center around "The Lake"—popcorn, soda water, and fireworks. More interesting and beautiful than all else are the wonderful sunsets seen over its lighted waters. People all over America speak in reverence today of a Salt Lake sunset.

Yes, I love the lake, and its briny waters still fascinate me. I hope it can always be a pleasure ground for the descendants of our Pioneers.

Editor's Note: The cover picture, "Launching a Boat On Great Salt Lake," is from a photograph by Doctor T. J. Howells. This photograph is of interest because of the subject and also because of the excellence of its composition. The action in the picture is very good, and the expanse of lake is shown to advantage.

The art work on the cover is by Evan Jensen.

COSTS SO LITTLE DOES SO MUCH!



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The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 28 AUGUST, 1941 No.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Phone 3-2741, Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.
Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

Relief Society Pioneer Day Float

THE Pioneer Day celebration held in Salt Lake City this year was made impressive by a parade in which were entered many beautiful floats interpreting the life, the culture and the accomplishments of the Pioneers.

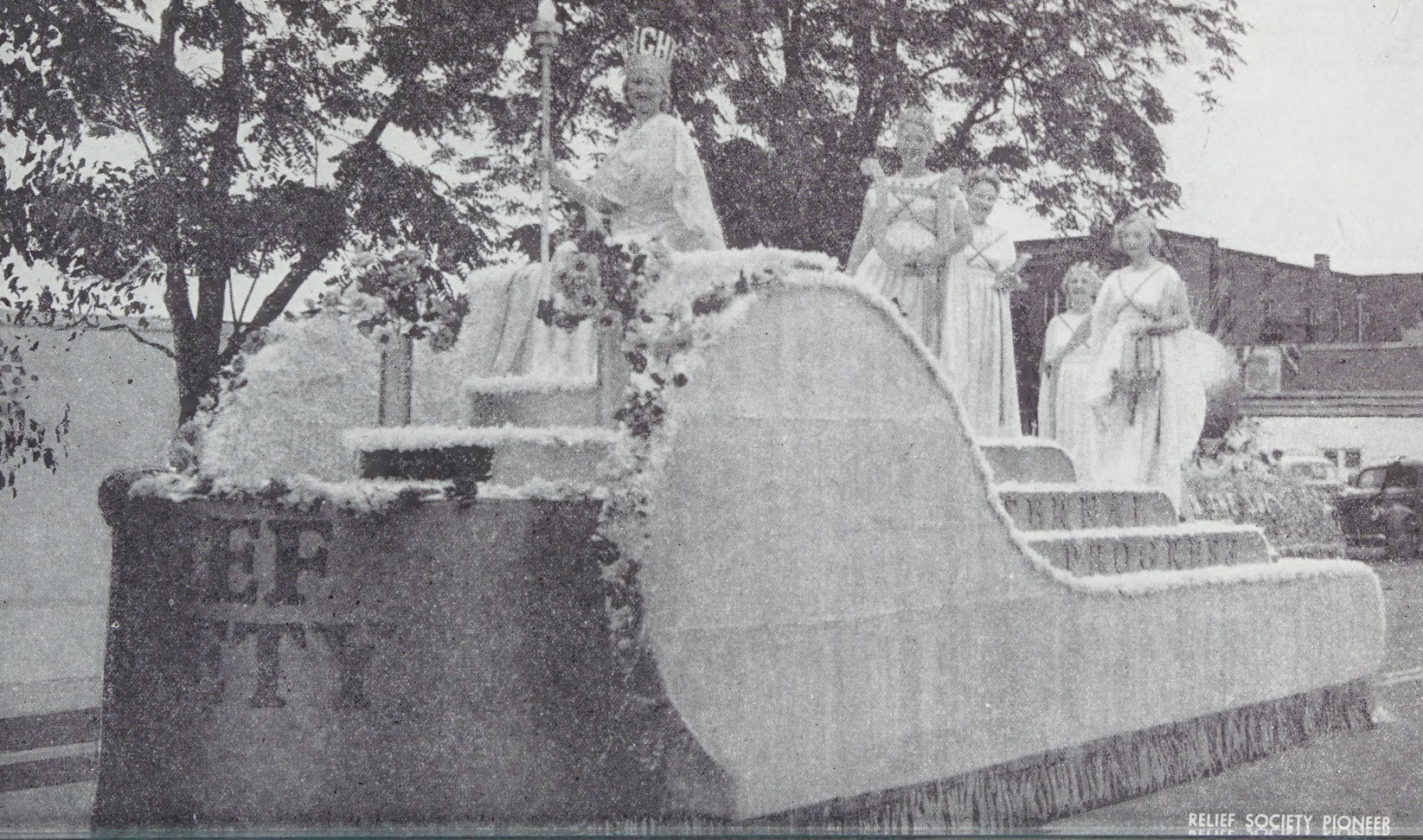
The eleven Salt Lake City stakes joined with the General Board in entering a gorgeous float to represent Relief Society. This float was entitled "Eternal Progress" and depicted the steady climb of the women of the Church toward "light" and "truth."

The body of the float was made of white snow-cloth heavily fringed with blue and white Cellophane. Broad terraces made of white Chryscelo floral sheeting with the graduating sides in gold Fabricoid lead up to a queenly golden-haired figure representing the "Spirit of Relief Society." This lovely woman was crowned with a golden-glitter crown on which was inscribed in silver-glitter letters the word "light." Held aloft in her hand was a golden torch with a white-glitter flame. The crown and torch symbolized "truth" and "light."

On the various terrace levels were stately golden-haired women gowned in flowing white Grecian robes and wearing golden-glitter olive leaf wreaths for headdresses. These women represented various Relief Society activities which advance women on their upward climb. Music was represented by Ruth Jensen Clawson, of Ensign Stake, carrying a lyre; education by Gertrude R. Garff, of Highland Stake, holding a golden book; sewing by Vera J. Giles, of Ensign Stake, carrying a dainty sewing basket; and social welfare by Norma. P. Anderson, of Bonneville Stake, carrying a golden basket of fruit with an abundance of welfare supplies in attractively-wrapped boxes at her feet. Nina O. Edward, of Salt Lake Stake, represented the "Spirit of Relief Society."

The words "Relief Society" in raised blue letters were prominently mounted on a background of gold Fabricoid on the nose of the float Other touches of blue here and there on the float were effective and carried out the Relief Society colors—gold and blue.

Pauline T. Pingree was chairman of a joint committee of the General Board and Salt Lake City stakes which planned this beautiful float.


RELIEF SOCIETY PIONEER

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 28 AUGUST, 1941 No. 8

Aunt Em And The Gathering Of The Wheat

Rosannah C. Irvine

IN the year 1870 woman's suffrage came into effect in Utah. Soon after that the idea began to take form that as long as women had the vote they should also have a "voice" by which they might express their opinions. Therefore, in 1872 the *Woman's Exponent* came into being. Sister Emmeline B. Wells early became associated editorially with this publication, becoming associate editor in 1875 and editor in 1876. Although there are many Relief Society women today who did not know Sister Wells personally, "Aunt Em," as she was affectionately called, is well known to all for the splendid work she did for the Society and for the Church in her long years of activity. The old saying that precious things are wrapped in small packages applies to this dear little soul. She was tiny and fragile as a rare bit of china, but with a mentality and an indomitable will that beggars description.

One day while Sister Wells was working at her desk in the office of the *Woman's Exponent*, which was located in a little building on the corner of South Temple and State streets on the site now occupied by the Alta Club, Brother George Reynolds came to her with a message from President Young. He said, "Sister Wells, Brother Brigham wants to see you at his office *alone*."

You may be able to imagine Sister Wells' feelings. At that time, Eliza R. Snow presided over all the women's organizations of the Church. Aunt Em assisted with the secretarial work. Brother Reynolds was emphatic that the President wanted to see Sister Wells alone. Sister Wells at that time, September, 1876, probably lacked some of the assurance that she later gained through her many years of experience. But if she had fears, she also had courage. She went to see the President. Her wonder and perturbation were not lessened when President Young, without preliminaries, said, "Sister Emmeline, I want to give you a mission; and it is to save grain. . . . I want you to begin by writing the strongest editorial that you can possibly write upon the subject." The President said that the brethren had not been doing their duty as they had been advised to do; that he had been riding around through the valleys and had seen their neglect. The men of the Church had been constantly warned to have on hand enough

wheat and flour to sustain not only their own families but also one extra family for at least two years. He said that the day was coming when the people of the earth by the thousands would come to Zion to be fed; that there would be famine in the world and preparation must be made for that emergency.

Aunt Em, as all other faithful Saints, yielded unquestioning obedience to the word of the Prophet of the Lord. She believed implicitly in his right and power to speak with inspiration. She was overwhelmed with the magnitude of the mission, but she didn't doubt for an instant the divinity of the call. She went at once to consult Sister Snow in her apartment in the Lion House. The President's office was at that time, as for many years after, in the building located between the Beehive House and the Lion House. Aunt Em told Sister Snow of the interview with President Young, and added, "Sister Eliza, you have a great work to do."

Sister Snow exclaimed in her short, brusque way, "Indeed, it's not my work. It's your work. If Brother Brigham had wanted me to do it, he would have sent for me."

While Aunt Em didn't doubt for an instant the inspiration of the President, the call was so sudden and so unusual that she felt as if she could not attempt it without counsel and encouragement. So she went next to her husband, Daniel H. Wells, and told him about the call and asked him to write the editorial for her. He refused, saying, as Sister Snow had said, that it was her work, not his. He did agree, however, to go with her to the President when she was prepared to submit the editorial to Brother Brigham for his approval. The editorial when writte was submitted to President Youn who added one paragraph for em phasis, in which he said, "The bret ren are to assist them [the sister in carrying out this enterprise, bot for the building of the storehouse and also in obtaining grain to fi them to preserve for future need The editorial was published in th *Woman's Exponent*, October 1 1876. It was the fulfillment of re sponsibilities such as this that deve oped the ability and character of th successful woman.

AT a meeting held November 1 1876, the Central Grain Com mittee was formed. By motion c Sister Eliza R. Snow and the unan mous vote of those assembled, Siste Wells was appointed chairman. SH selected Sisters Eliza R. Snow an Bathsheba W. Smith as her assis ants. Throughout the Church sul committees were formed.

Immediate action was taken to ward getting grain and learning th best methods of caring for it. In th year 1877, the year of the death c President Young, the sisters not onl bought wheat and exchanged th labor of their hands for grain, b after the harvesting went into th fields in large parties and gleaned.

In those days, the method of ha vesting wheat was very different fro the methods used in this mechanic age. There were only a few mowin machines; there were many mor scythes. Gleaning was more produc tive, no doubt, than it would be to day.

Though primitive, it must hav been a beautiful picture, the wome and children following after the stu dy reapers as they mowed down ro after row of the golden, wavin

grain. One recalls the story of the ancient days when Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz. And he, seeing her so young and beautiful following the reapers, told his young men to be kind to her, and to "let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her and leave them that she may glean them, and rebuke her not." And also following the advice of Boaz to his helpers, our own men were kind to our women. Often they shook their bundles to add to the scanty store, and in other ways showed their interest in fulfilling the purpose of the Prophet.

Following the counsel of the President, granaries were built throughout the Church for the storing of the wheat, and it was not long before there was a great supply of grain to be stored.

In the beginning grain-saving was designated as a work for all the women of the Church. It, however, gradually became definitely and entirely a Relief Society project. The women, thoroughly in earnest in their desire to succeed in this worthy endeavor, thought of many novel ways, aside from gleaning, of increasing their store. One of the most successful methods was giving "wheat parties." Tooele was among the first stakes to institute this rare and successful idea. A peck of wheat paid one's admission to the party. In this way many bushels were added to their supply.

There were naturally many discouragements in the work in spite of the constant and diligent labor of the girls and women and the cooperation of the men. Russia, Canada, and other countries were raising such quantities of wheat that the efforts of the sisters seemed puny. There seemed to be slight necessity for conserving the small gleanings. But the prophecy of the President still persisted in the minds of the women. Brother Brigham had said that the time would come when there would be a call for the wheat. The sisters accepted his word as a mandate, and the work went on. The granaries and elevators were filled.

And then came the fulfillment of the prophecy.

At the time of World War I, there was a proclamation from the Federal Government that there should be no hoarding of foodstuffs. And we, the Latter-day Saints, were hoarding wheat—hundreds of bushels of that most precious commodity. And there was want in other lands!

The Government heard of our stores of grain. Men were sent here to investigate the condition and to demand a compliance with the law. When the matter was explained to these agents their annoyance changed to wonder and admiration. They were instructed by the Administration to buy all our wheat, paying the regular price for it. This they did; the wheat was not accepted as a gift.

By common consent of the ward Relief Societies, and through the courtesy of the Presiding Bishop's Office, it was decided to deposit the money received from the sale of the wheat in the Presiding Bishop's Office where it would be safe and where it would draw uniform interest. Each year the interest has been sent back to the wards according to their ownership in the fund, and has been used for maternity and child-welfare purposes. In some stakes the wheat interest has been pooled and admin-

istered by the stake boards, while in others it has been held and administered by the ward officers. In no case has this money been put to any wrong use.

Now after all these years, wheat is once again being stored while there is plenty, against a time of need. Once more the life-saving grain is being gathered and preserved for future emergencies. A portion of the wheat fund is now being used to buy wheat for conservation.

THERE is an interesting item which should be added to this story of wheat. When President Woodrow Wilson and his party went through the United States speaking in the interest of the League of Nations, he came to Salt Lake City. Due to the severe strain under which he had been laboring for so long, his health was impaired. Naturally elaborate entertainment had been planned for him in order that the people might meet him as well as see and hear him in the Tabernacle where he was scheduled to speak. He was met at the station and shown the city. Our own President Grant rode in the carriage with Mr. McAdoo, who said, "Mr. Grant, the President is not well. He doesn't want a lot of attention. He must rest. There is only one thing that he has expressed a desire to do, and that is to see Mrs. Wells." President Grant assured him that it could be arranged.

President Wilson, who had declined to occupy the President's suite in the Hotel Utah, was domiciled with his entire party on the eighth floor, which happened to be the one where ninety-two-year-old Emmeline B. Wells lived. Aunt Em was herself in ill health, but being told of the wish of the President of the United States for an interview with her, she was delighted and a meeting was arranged to take place between his dinner hour and the time of the assembly in the Tabernacle. Our little lady was arrayed in her most attractive clothes with their dainty accessories of pastel scarves, laces, and tulle bows. She was ready to receive the President of the greatest country in the world.

The President and Mrs. Wilson came into the room dressed in their evening finery. Mrs. Wilson had on a gorgeous black gown, with a large plumed picture hat. President Wilson sat down by Aunt Em and held her hand while they talked. "Mrs. Wells," he said, "will you tell me about the wheat?" In her inimitable way she told him the story.

When he rose to bid her adieu he said, "Mrs. Wells, I thank you for permitting me to have this interview. I consider it one of the greatest privileges and honors of my life."

Aunt Em didn't consider it as a tribute to herself. She naturally appreciated the personal honor, but the tribute was to her Church.

Many Relief Society members have heard Aunt Em say in public meetings, in her quaint way, "I believe that I am the only person in the world who has ever been told by a prophet of the Lord to gather and store wheat for famine—except Joseph in Egypt."

A Chinese Mother

Elsie Young

Editor's Note: Miss Elsie Young (Kim Yeung), is a Chinese girl, and a very active member of the Church living in Honolulu, T. H.

Her early experiences in the Church were very trying because of the conflict between her loyalty to her parents, their pagan practices and beliefs, and her devotion to the strong testimony of the truth which had come to her.

Her earnest desire since receiving the truth has been to carry the message to her own people. This desire has been graciously realized in that she is now teaching the Gospel to a Chinese class organized in Honolulu.

Her desire now is to introduce and properly interpret her people, their traditions, culture and customs to us in the light of the revealed Gospel of Jesus Christ.

ELSIE YOUNG

IN a modest little home in the city of Honolulu lived Mother Leong, a kind, matronly Chinese woman, with her husband and children.

The alarm clock rang at 6:00 a. m., waking the whole family. One after another they went into the bathroom to clean their teeth and wash their faces. In a short while everyone was through except Wingtong, the little grandson who was visiting with his grandmother for a few days and who just hated to brush his teeth. After much coaxing on the part of his grandmother, Wingtong finally brushed his teeth and washed his face very clean.

After their morning grooming, the family sat down and ate their breakfast. Laid out on the table were scrambled eggs, canned sausage, boiled string beans and rice. In this home, rice is the staple food instead of potatoes, although bread can be had at any time. For little Wingtong there was a bowl of mush, a medium-boiled egg, canned sliced peaches and hot chocolate.

After breakfast Kim Chin (Golden Coin), the elder daughter, started for work. Mother Leong asked her to buy some Chinese cabbage, a good-sized mullet fish, some sweet Chinese pickles and two pounds of roast pork.

It was 7:30 a. m. now. Mother Leong's other daughter, Yook Lan (Jade Magnolia), was on her way to high school. Father Leong had already gone to work.

Kim Chin arrived at the Oriental Curio Shop at 8:00 a. m. sharp. All day long she waited on customers, kept the account books of the store and answered 'phone calls. She enjoyed waiting on tourists who seemed so pleased with what they

bought. Some of them would linger and tell her how much they enjoyed the sunny Hawaiian climate and the green trees.

At 12:00 noon Kim Chin lunched at a restaurant. Then she went to do the marketing for her mother. She walked along the meat stalls at the market and saw displayed on the counters large halves of pigs roasted to a rich golden brown. She looked them over. They seemed to contain too much fat. She managed to get the butcher to slice her a piece not too fat nor too lean. After that she bought the other items of food. At 1:00 p. m. she was back at the Curio Shop. There were more people to wait on and articles to be packed and mailed. The Shop closed at 5:00 p. m., after a very busy day.

KIM CHIN walked home and laid all her purchases on the kitchen table. Mother Leong had already cooked the rice. Now she looked at all the packages on the table. "Where is the cabbage?" she asked.

"Oh, I forgot to buy it," said her daughter.

"The meal will be very dry without any cabbage. Go out and get some right away," said the mother.

In a few minutes Kim Chin returned with some cabbage. She washed the stalks of green cabbage and cut them up to cook. In this home all the food is cut up in convenient pieces so that it can be easily picked up with chopsticks. Within an hour the food was cooked.

A pair of chopsticks and a rice bowl were set at each place on the table. Where Wingtong sat was placed a little rice bowl and a spoon. The food was then placed on the table and dinner was ready. Mother Leong ordered her little grandson to call everyone to dinner. "Yak fan loh! Yak fan loh!" yelled little Wingtong, running from room to room. Soon the whole family gathered around the table and partook of the hot home-cooked meal. Suddenly Wingtong looked at his grandma and said, "Ah Poh (Grandma), I want a pair of chopsticks, please. I don't want to use my spoon." So a small pair of red chopsticks was given to Wingtong, and between little chubby fingers he managed to use them quite well.

The meal was delicious. They had Chinese cabbage, roast pork with soyo sauce, and fried mullet garnished with shredded Chinese sweet pickles and served with sour-sweet sauce.

At the table Father Leong seldom spoke, for it is polite according to Chinese etiquette to remain silent while eating. Mother Leong and the children have adopted the English custom. It is so nice to have the family all together at meal time, and it is such a favorable time for them to chat! English is the language spoken at school and at work, but in order to converse with their parents the two girls have to speak the Chinese language.

Yook Lan told her mother what she had done in school, using very poor Chinese in her conversation. Mother Leong, with a frown on her face, looked at her husband and said, "What has come over our children? They cannot even speak in their mother tongue." Father Leong shook his head sadly and said, "It is too much education. They are following the way of the white people. Soon they will forget the language and customs of their own race."

Kim Chin joined in the argument and said, "Ah Mah (Mother), this is an American country. We use the English language at school and at work. All day long we come in contact with English-speaking people, so we have to speak good English."

"I do not object to your using English at school or at work. You must speak English to earn a living, but when you are at home please try to speak good Chinese. You embarrass me before my guests. I hope when you grow up you will marry men of your own race. I forbid you to intermarry. If you do so, your Chinese identity will be lost. Your descendants will not know their ancestral home." Thus spoke Mother Leong to her two daughters.

AFTER dinner Mother and Father Leong drank their fragrant Chinese tea, an old custom of ancient China.

Yook Lan cleared the table and washed the dishes while the rest of the family gathered in the parlor. Mother Leong kept herself busy sewing a Chinese gown. Kim Chin was busy knitting a sweater, while Father Leong read the Chinese classics. Once in a while he would stop and comment on the wonderful teachings of the great Chinese sage, Koong Fu Tse (Confucius). "Koong Fu Tse was a great teacher!" he would say.

"Yes, even the Westerners enjoy reading his proverbs. They regard him as one of the world's great philosophers," Yook Lan would add.

At length, Kim Chin turned to her mother. "Ah Mah, are you going to a party with that new dress?" she asked.

"No," answered her mother, "I am going to the temple with Wingtong's mother to offer a 'thank' offering. Little Wingtong is now an elder brother. The stork called at his home and left a baby girl. Tomorrow will be exactly one month since that blessed event."

One month after the birth of each child in the family, Mother Leong gave a "thank" offering at the temple. For centuries past her people had kept up this religious practice. So early the next morning a male fowl was killed, cleaned and cooked whole for the sacrifice. Mother Leong put the cooked chicken on a plate and carefully placed it in a basket with a jug of rice, wine, canned ginger, two eggs and two rice cakes. Into a box she put a package of firecrackers, some incense sticks, candles and other articles to be burned at the altar of sacrifice. Wingtong begged to go along, and was so happy when his grandmother permitted him to do so. They boarded a taxi and were driven to the Chinese temple. There in the temple in front of Kwan Yen, the Goddess of Mercy, Mother Leong and her daughter offered the sacrifice. While the two women lighted candles and burned incense sticks, Wingtong did his share by setting off a loud volley of firecrackers. After that, he kept very quiet and watched, wide-eyed, the bright glow of the lighted candles, the yellow flames of the burnt offering and the chanting of the temple priests.

After the temple sacrifice, Mother Leong, with her daughter and Wingtong, returned home. She felt happy and satisfied to once more be a grandmother.

Priscilla Livingston Evans

John Henry Evans

WHILE the Evanses were living in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Evans, on the invitation of the Associated Women of the American Farm Bureau, delivered an address in Chicago as guest speaker. One of her interested listeners was a man high in the councils in Washington, who spoke on the same program. On his return to the Capitol, he said impressively to a colleague: "If I had a group of women who could talk like that, I could organize the women of this country around any great issue!" And he meant just that.

When we go behind this remark to find its cause, as we shall do presently, we shall come upon a very interesting tap-root quality in Mrs. Evans. But first, something about the facts of her life.

Priscilla Livingston Evans was born and reared in Salt Lake City, and there she received most of her schooling.

Her birthplace was a lot in the Eleventh Ward, for which her maternal grandmother, Ann Horrocks, had traded a yoke of oxen and a wagon that had brought her and her three small daughters to "The Valley" after she had buried her husband and their only son in shallow Kansas graves.

From a Scotch father, Charles Livingston, Priscilla inherited a strong physique, rare courage, and a sense of justice and fair play; from an English mother, Ellen Horrocks, energy, thrift, an orderly mind, imagination, and executive ability.

Graduating from high school at sixteen, she took stenography at business college, and at once got job in a law office. Here she me and later married, Frank Evans— man who was to become legal ac visor to the American Farm Bureau a member of Hoover's Farm Boarc president of the Eastern States Mi sion, and the author of a book— *The Law of Cooperative Marketing* Mrs. Evans aided in the preparatio of this volume.

During those intense days c World War I, Mrs. Evans mar aged the women's group of the Co valescent House at the Walter Ree Hospital. She had charge of sixt volunteer women. In this servic the "Grey Ladies" of the Red Cro had its beginning, and Mrs. Eva was the first woman to don the gre uniform of that unit of the Re Cross.

After being married twenty yea she began the study of law at t University of Utah, from which i stitution she took her degree, Bac elor of Laws. Part of the work f this degree, however, had been do at Northwestern University. She a member of the Utah State Bar, ar could practice law if she chose.

Among the honors she has r ceived may be named the followin director, and later treasurer, of t Neighborhood House in Salt La City; director of the Communi Chest Board; chairman, for seve terms, of the Salt Lake Coun Chapter of the Red Cross; chairm of the National Convention of t American Red Cross in Washingt

(the only time this honor had ever been given to a woman); corresponding secretary of the National Council of Women, an office which she still retains at the request of the other officers; president of the Relief Society of the Eastern States Mission; and guest speaker at various conventions held by the Farm Bureau, notably in Faneuil Hall in Boston, in Pasadena, and in Chicago. Few women among us have had such wide and varied intellectual contacts. Yet in spite of all the public honor she has received, the home is her chief interest.

Mrs. Evans has always been active in Church organizations. While her chief religious interest has been the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, where she served at different times as ward president and stake worker, she has also been an officer in the Primary Association. In addition to serving as Relief Society president of the Eastern States Mission, she has also served Relief Society as theology

PRISCILLA LIVINGSTON EVANS

class leader in the Washington Branch in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Evans was appointed a member of the Relief Society General Board, June 18, 1941.

EVERY person has a tap-root quality, to which whatever he does may be referred to as a source. Mrs. Evans' tap-root quality is her intense love of folks.

All her life she has been fond of music. She has sung in choirs and played the organ in ward religious services. Choral singing gives her great satisfaction. The divine art is essentially an art to give pleasure to others. This is particularly true of group singing. Law has also held her interest—and law has to do mostly with human beings, especially human beings in trouble. And surely the organizations to which Mrs. Evans has belonged concern themselves primarily with men and women in distress.

It is this deep feeling for others that attracts people to her, as a magnet draws filings. All her life long young people have come to her for advice. They tell her things they would not confide even to the mothers. With her they find sym pathy, understanding, fellow feelin no matter what their age, as well a guidance and direction.

Mrs. Evans never reads an ad dress. That is one reason why a audience listens entranced to wha she has to say. But she prepares as thoroughly as a lawyer does a cas involving his future reputation When, therefore, she gets up to tal she knows where she is to begin, ho she is to go on, and at what poi she will conclude, even to the phra ing.

She believes with all her mind an heart in whatever cause she take up. There is no half-hearted espou al in her efforts. This gives convin ingness to what she says. Her sty is fluid, earnest. She means yo That is one of the reasons why s many who listen to her go away sa ing, "I have never heard anythin so stirring!"

Priscilla Livingston Evans is wha the late Professor William Jam used to call "one of the competen ones" of a generation.

SO NEAR THE HEART

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

They lie so near the heart, these hours before
The leaves are gone, when something seems to say,
"The rose with its perfume will slip away.
Then gather petals. Make a fragrant core
For winter thoughts." I look beyond the door
On children spending happiness in play
Where crimson roses let no hint betray
That earth is calling back the wealth she bore.

So every busy day is like a flower
With petal moments rich in rare perfume
That we may save against the lonely years.
A heart can never know the zero hour
If happy children once have filled each room,
For echoes rise from laughter not from tears.

"Song Passes Not Away"

Carlton Culmsee

"FOR SALE — Collection of choice paintings by the hundred best artists of the Church. Must be sold as a unit, but is priced so that the first bidder can buy it."

This advertisement is an obvious fable. Yet it is pleasant to imagine the cultural delight which would come to the beneficiary of this miracle of marketing. Imagine her to be some housewife in a remote village or on a lonely farm. Spared the necessity of traveling to some distant gallery for a rare but fatiguing aesthetic orgy before the collection, she could bring out her treasures a few at a time and watch them disclose new facets of beauty as she learned to love them. One cannot help wishing that families in every city and hamlet of the Church could enjoy the leavening influences of such a collection.

This figment of fancy has been created to increase appreciation for the fact that the idea, impossible as it is in connection with original paintings, can be realized in another art with comparative ease. Through the democratic inexpensiveness of printing, the productions of the leading poets of the Church or of the state can be brought together in a "pocket art gallery" cheap enough for anyone to possess.

Such a collection of emotional and spiritual experiences shaped into forms of melodious beauty may justify its existence in many ways. Its values begin to be realized long before its pages begin falling from the press. As an outlet for versifiers in an age offering them relatively few dignified channels of expression, it helps stimulate them to creative activity. Merely to announce the decision to publish a representative collection of verse is enough to cause some poetic seeds to germinate.

Not only that. Under the new stimulus some writers try to conceive and express broader conceptions, greater ideals. Writing to please the editor of Light-housekeeping Journal or Kitchen and Garden Magazine, the poet tends to fashion bits of tender sensuousness on such themes as "pansy faces nodding good morning to me" and "sun-gold filtering through the window curtains above my sink." But a church or state or national anthology may lead her to think in terms of the surges of a great people, vague but powerful yearnings and upward reachings.

Improvement of technique also may result. There is a permanence and a finality about an anthology that leads some to do extra polishing. Also, afraid of being omitted, the humbler or less practiced writers seek criticism and technical assistance. Many of them study books of prosody and some even enroll in verse-writing courses.

The editors of the anthology usually find time to offer suggestions for the improvement of poems. Scanning the verse as it comes out of the mail, the editors become sharply conscious of characteristic errors or deficiencies, and they eagerly seize opportunities to uproot poetic weeds.

WITH little desire to be personal but with the aim of illustrating

this point, I wish to tell one result of my recent efforts to gather and polish verse for the second volume of *Utah Sings*. Certain defects appeared so frequently that, half in irritation and half in fun, I satirized them in doggerel verses which have proved useful to reinforce criticisms. If you do not mind I shall repeat them here, justifying myself by recalling that the Relief Society is preparing an anthology of poetry and that all readers of this article likely desire to improve their ability either to write or to appreciate verse. This first one is entitled:

THE AGONY OF DISLOCATION

Put not your thoughts upon the rack
And turn them outside in
And stretch their sinews till they crack
And make them burst their skin.
Thou shalt not write of *truth sublime*
And dislocate the noun
Merely to make an easy rhyme—
Stamp the temptation down
When you would sing of *love divine*
And *mountains grand* and *laughter gay*
And *sugar sweet* and *satin fine*
And *sweethearts true* and *fog so gray*.
I urge you, poets—draw the line
At these devices of another day.

THE APOSTROPHE CATASTROPHE

The poets of a bygone time
Achieved effects in patterned rhyme
By shooting holes in sundry words
As hunters cripple winging birds.
They disembowelled words like *never*,
Over, *beneath*, *amid*, and *ever*.
Instead of words that lilt and sing
They gave us many a broken thing,
Like e'er, whene'er, and ne'er and o'er,
And *'tis* and *'mid* and dozens more.
Let's use contractions of our own
Unless they lower the poem's tone.
In certain verse, to be colloquial
Is absolutely right and okeal.
Won't, *don't*, *can't*, *shan't* are all permissible,
But *'twas* and *'twere* are only hissable.
Don't cut your words to bits like these
With scalpels of apostrophes.

THE WEARINESS OF WORDS

The man with the hoe
Had a very long row;
The serf and the coolie
Would have risen unruly
If fatigue hadn't harried them
And bowed them and buried them.
But we moderns have words that are wear
as they
From carrying burdens an age and a day
For example (unless there's been perfid
lately),
The pines in the amateur poem are stately
If the breezes are blowing, those pine tree
are *sighing*,
And embers, sad embers, forever are dying
The dawns are all *rosy*, the brooks have to
babble,
And affection is *tender* to poets who
dabble.
The maiden's face *shines*, yet her nose i
not greasy.
'Round the *silvery* moon the clouds are al
fleecy.
These words were all splendid when vivid
and new,
But they're tired—let them rest for a
aeon or two!

LUSTRELESS GENERALITIES

The poet's task is double-fold;
It's only half enough to hold
Fierce passion and enthusiasm;
They're vital—but everybody has 'em.
The bard must lift his reader up—
Give him deep draughts from the same
cup
The poet drank from when desire
Or anger coursed his veins like fire.
You can't use trite banalities
And tasteless generalities.
Avoid such blank-check words as *wonder*
ful,
Magnificent and *beautiful*,
Entrancing, *fair* and *awe-inspiring*—
Such ashes are not meant for firing
The tinder of your reader's mind.
They leave him cold and deaf and blind.
Don't rest with saying a thing is so;
Use every strength of art to show
What made the terror or the awe,
The beauty or the power you saw.
This is the poet's agony:
The strife to make the readers see
And feel as keenly, vividly
As he did, in the burning rise
Of grief, affection, or surprise.

Forgive me for devoting much space to these deficiencies. After all, although subtle artistry is important, sincerity of emotion and large, high conceptions often lift a piece of writing above mere technical trifles. It is such honesty and largeness of vision that we poets should seek.

The reason we should seek them is that we owe a heavy obligation to our readers. Poets may no longer be what Shelley called them, "The unacknowledged legislators of the world," and the word "poet" is no longer synonymous with "prophet." Yet we employ devices and powers intended to invest words with the greatest possible beauty and persuasiveness, and so we must fuse powerful expression with high thought. Not that every poem must be either an epic or a sermon; but even a few lines can voice something of an inarticulate longing of a people or can help give form to vague aspirations or half-seen achievements. And an anthology that is serious in purpose tends, I believe, to make poets a little more conscious of their debt for special gifts they have received.

There are, of course, anthologies and anthologies. There is the "pay as you enter" bus which may carry real poems but which almost certainly groans under a load of mediocre verse—or worse. For, being published for a profit only, it throws open its covers to anyone who has been placed on a "sucker list" for rhymesters and has some naive dollars to spend. Such anthologies received an impetus from the depression. Some printing houses were willing to gamble on the idea because it promised to help them keep their organizations together and their presses turning. Therefore, the commercial anthology racket has borne some rather wormy fruit, and most of it is, to say the least, exceedingly uneven in quality.

But there is a place for the nonprofit anthology which is edited with discrimination and courage born of a desire to further some worthy end. An anthology such as the Relief Society proposes can satisfy a number of needs. It can be, for example, a monument celebrating the splendid ideals and attainments of the Society far more effectively than a marble shaft can do. "Song passes not away," Sir William Watson declared long ago. In a real sense, also, this anthology can be a history of the development of the organization; not a factual chronicle, true, but a record of the more important strivings of the spirit. Moreover, it can be a means of fostering and nourishing the aims and ideals of the Society. During the year of the Relief Society centennial and in years to come it can furnish readings appropriate for the family half-circle at the fireplace, for religious services, and for historical and other programs.

It cannot help but reflect movements of emotion and thought, hopes and goals, defeats and victories. The first state anthology, *Utah Sings*, Volume I, mirrored currents that give Utah writings its bright glints of idealism and high desire. Also it revealed new currents of science, experimentation in art and in life, new beauties and uglinesses, doubt and faith. It is good to see trends as reflected by groups of sensitive artists and to meditate on what they may mean for the future. It is good to have the beauty into

which the poets mold crude experience.

If the poets and the editors of anthologies deal frankly with themselves and honestly with their readers, if they try incessantly to develop their art into a flexible but strong instrument, if they drink at the flow of vital ideas from past and present, and finally if they try to create beauty out of the best emotion and thought that is in them, they must contribute worthily to our culture. Wrought earnestly and yet imaginatively, an anthology can bring to any home—city apartment or village cottage or wind-shaken ranchhouse—a gallery of rich emotional and spiritual experiences, forms of rhythmical beauty that grownups will enjoy and youngsters carry away in minds formed to hold them.

INTERCESSION

Celia Van Cott

The earth lies stunned by summer's heavy yield,
Janus faced, exhausted in the sun.
No wind waves stir spiced fragrance in the field;
Bronze stubbles stand where dry baked furrows run.

Fresh wounds mar the beauty of her side
Where plow and spade wrest foodstuffs for the mill;
The alder stands with naked boughs flung wide
Above the creek where leaf-choked waters spill.

When storm's dark wrath sweeps cloud banks down the sky
The solar summer ends; the earth subdued
Beneath a white jeweled coverlet shall lie
In healing rest and through rest be renewed.

A Pinch Of Dust Is A Dollar

Martha Robeson Wright

FATHER relaxed in the hide-bottomed chair and sighed with content. "Well, them 'cukes' are all salted. Apples are packed good so they won't bruise. Looks like good weather for tomorrow."

"I do hope they don't spoil afore you get 'em there," Mother said, her fingers flying as she knit. "Sure Tom'll be enough help to take along? Indians 've been bad up there on the way to the mines so Elly was tellin' me when she passed by here t'other day."

Father was easing off his shoes and wiggling his bare toes. He didn't wear socks until it got cold, and this was only late September. "Don't you worry none, Addie."

"But oxen are so slow. You'd never get away from 'em."

"I'll figger that out when the time comes. Indians want horses most—fast ones. They only bother wagon trains that look like they had plunder. My wagon won't look any too prosperous."

Father took out a black book he always carried with him—a little black notebook that he always kept notes and accounts in for each day. He wet the stub of a pencil with his tongue and then carefully wrote. I knew he was writing down about the apples and cucumbers.

I thought about our wagon and the oxen. They looked wonderful to me. The plodding oxen never seemed to mind the heavy yokes. Everything was riches compared to what we had had before. Since we had come to be tenants on Uncle Jeff's farm, life was wonderful. As far back as I could remember there had never been enough to eat, but here on the farm we had everything—even so much we could sell some. There were two cows and plenty of milk and butter for all. Father had turned out to be a good farmer even if he had not farmed before. There were beans, corn, and apple cider made from windfalls; there was vinegar made from beets. There were so many apples and cucumbers this year that even when Mother made big crocks of pickles and apple butter and had the roofs all covered with quarters of apples drying, there was still so much left that Father was taking it to the mines to trade.

My three sisters were asleep and there was just Mother, Father and me in the room. Mother would have plenty of company with the girls if I went with Father. But he had not asked me to go with him. He was going to take Cousin Tom. I wanted to go.

"I could help as much as Tom and lot's more," I said grumpily. "I'm almost as big as he is, even if I ain't but twelve. Leastwise, I'm as tall."

Father put away the little black book, turned and looked at me. "It ain't what you could do, Elizabeth. It just ain't no part of the country for a girl—'specially a purty one." He winked at Mother.

"I'm not purty!" I got a bit cross for I liked being strong and husky like a boy and having Father call me his boy. "Red hair an freckles ain't purty," I added sulkily.

"They's some might think so," said Mother, as she turned the toe of the sock she was knitting. "Your hair ain't red exactly," she stopped and knit for a few seconds. "It's more like the color of a new gold piece I saw once." Then she knit faster and added, "You give up that notion of goin' with your father, Betsy. I need you here."

"The girls can do all right," I protested, but I knew it would not do any good to talk any more about it. When Father said, "Elizabeth!" the thing was past arguing. He was going to leave before sunup. I made up my mind that I was going and that I would not be found till it was too late to make me go back.

Cousin Tom came in. He was twenty. He was not much taller than I, but he was thick and strong. His hair was as black and straight as an Indian's. "Everything's all fixed, Uncle Ned," he said.

"Both barrels so they won't roll?"

"Yes, sir. Got the tarpaulin over 'em."

"Good. Well, guess we'd better get to bed." Father stretched his arms wide. "Ho-hum."

Mother put her knitting in the bag that hung on the back of her chair. "Dear me, Ned," she said. "I don't like . . . I declare, I don't like your goin' up there to trade. Couldn't you sell around here?"

"Everybody's got 'cukes' an' apples 'round here." Father patted her shoulder, "Don't fret, Addie, nothin's goin' to happen—time's is gettin' easier."

I GOT up before the others the next morning and put on a pair of Tom's work overalls, an old shirt and a cap that Father had brought from England. Even with my braid pinned up under the cap, I didn' look like a boy. Before I though of the cap, I had thought of cutting off my hair, but decided that the trip wouldn't be worth that. I didn't like the color of my hair, with my school mates calling me "Red" and "Gin ger," but I was proud of having the longest hair in the country 'round I could sit on the ends of the braids The cap saved me from cutting it

I wrote a note to Mother, gobbled a piece of bread, drank some milk and scooted out to the wagon and hid under the tarpaulin that was stretched over the barrels and fas tened on to the sides of the wagon Tom came out, and I heard him get ting the oxen to yoke. Mother called me, and I knew she and Fa ther were standing in the doorway of the house.

"I can't think where Betsy' gone," Mother said, and Father chuckled.

"She's hiding around somewhere sulking," he said. "She's had her own way around here so much she's pu out 'cause she can't go with us."

"I'm glad you didn't let her. can imagine how those minin towns are," said Mother—"gamblin houses, saloons and. . . ."

Father laughed. "I know wha you mean, Addie. Don't worry, Tom and I'll keep an eye on each other won't we, Tom?"

Tom answered, "Yes, sir" in serious voice, and Father laughe again. I heard him go to the wago and felt him climb on the seat whil Tom was hitching the oxen. "Ge the rifles and ammunition?"

"Yes, sir, I've even got some extr back in the wagon with the box

food Aunt Addie fixed up an' the bedrolls."

Father took out the bull whip. "Whee-e-e! Git-up!" he holloed, and the wagon moved. " 'Bye, Addie. 'Bye, girls!" When Mother and the girls called, "Good-by," Father yelled in a louder voice, " 'Bye, Betsy." I giggled to myself.

I don't know how far we went, but I was very uncomfortable as the day grew warmer. Then I heard Father say, "Well, guess we'd better eat and rest while the sun's high. Glad Addie got all that stuff ready. There's no good attractin' Indians with a fire. There should be a spring hereabouts I was told."

The wagon stopped and Father was at the tarpaulin. He lifted it and saw me. "Well . . . I'll be. . . ." He was so angry and so surprised, he stood there with his mouth wide open.

I crawled out, rubbing myself tenderly. "Can I ride up on the seat? I'm sore."

Father caught his breath. He looked as if he'd like to whip me.

"I *had* to come." My throat was dry, and my heart was pounding.

"Where'd you get that rig?"

"It's Tom's. The cap's yours. I don't look like a girl, do I?"

"Elizabeth, I don't like being disobeyed. I ought to make you stay under that tarpaulin all the way, but I guess that'd be too much punishment. You can't go back now. How could you be so thoughtless of your mother?"

"I left a note," I said meekly, but my heart was beating excitedly.

"We'll probably meet someone going back who'll take word for us. Come on, we'll eat and rest."

Tom was working for Father so he could have something to get married on in the spring. He wanted to marry Selma Peterson, but she said she'd only marry him if he had something of his own. She kept Tom in anxiety all the time by being nice to other boys. Father liked to tease Tom a little bit, too.

"Times are gettin' soft, Tom, when a couple's got to have a big nest egg to get married. You and Selma were born and raised here. You're used to it. Suppose," he added more seriously, "you lived in England in a nice little thatched cottage and had your own loom, then gave it all up to come out here and starve for the first years? Your Aunt Addie wasn't used to it, but that didn't faze her. I guess Selma's soft, Tom."

"She's just practical, Uncle Ned," Tom answered very seriously.

WHEN we finally got to the mining town, I got scared. I would have to keep my hair up under the cap all the time. There was so much bustle and noise; men were hurrying around, and the only women we saw were dressed up something beautiful. I told Father I'd sure like to be like them, but Father got cross and said, "I hope not." So I kept still, because I know Father always says, "Purty is as purty does."

As Father turned into the deep-rutted street, men raised an arm in greeting and looked peaceful, but Father said they'd fight and cut each other's throats for dust, especially after they had had a drink of whisky. There were signs in front of the general store:

"EGGS—50 cents each.
"POTATOES—75 cents each.
"SHOVELS—$15.00.
"PICKS—$10.00."

Father pulled up by the general store, and I could see the dickering light in his eyes. Tom took off the tarpaulin and rolled the barrels to the side of the wagon next to the plank sidewalks. Father set some rosy apples on the side of the wagon and began to polish one on his shirt sleeve. He told me to start eating a "cuke." Men began to come around.

"What you take fer them apples, mister?" one called.

Father just turned the apples around so some of the yellow'd show. The owner of the General Store came out. "Hey! Vats diss? I puy all you stuff."

"Get away, Jenson," another man yelled, "this ain't goin' to be your profit this time." Everyone laughed, and Mr. Jenson grinned.

Then Father said, "How much am I offered?"

Mr. Jenson had brought some gold dust scales out with him, and held them up. "Oh, we don't need no scales," yelled a miner, "a pinch of dust is a dollar. I'll give a pinch of dust for each apple and a pinch for each 'cuke.'"

"Suits me," they all yelled, and started stampeding around like cattle. Father sold each man one apple and one "cuke" first, and after that they could buy as much as they could pay for. I noticed that some men's thumbs and forefingers were bigger and took bigger pinches of dust than others, but everybody seemed satisfied.

Tom bought some grain for the oxen. The men stood around crunching the juicy apples.

"Ain't you going to buy something to take back to Mother and the girls," I whispered.

"You go get something."

"I can't, I'm supposed to be a boy."

"Well, we'll all go in."

We bought earrings for Mother and bright new calico for dresses and four hair combs for Selma and the three girls—three of the combs just alike so the girls wouldn't quarrel over whose was the prettiest. I tried not to look too interested. Father bought five straw shaker bonnets all the same size. We girls could grow into them. We carried the stuff out to the wagon and laid it on the tarpaulin, then rolled up the tarpaulin so it looked just like a roll of canvas in the wagon beside our bedrolls and the empty barrels. Father bought supplies and two money belts for him and Tom to put around their waists to carry the dust in.

"You petter stay de night," said Mr. Jenson.

"Thanks kindly," said Father, "but we gotta get back. We will some other time."

"Injuns been bad lately. They'd steal de skin off you. Some white men don't like to work for gol' dust eeder. Pe careful," admonished Mr. Jenson.

WE were feeling good and got more than half way home when we met the Indians. It was just after we had broken camp when a bunch of them came riding over the hill. "Get that hair out of sight," commanded Father, and I was so scared I just pushed it up under the cap and didn't take time to pin it firmly. The Indians came nearer and looked us over. The leader got off his horse and approached Father. They talked in the Indian language for some time, and Father showed him the empty barrels—even had

him smell them. Finally, the chief nodded and got back on his horse. Father started the oxen, and we went slowly away from the band of Redmen who watched us go.

"That was close," Father muttered under his breath.

I was hot and sweating from fright. The heavy cap itched my head; and now that the danger was over, I pushed it back of my forehead, and one of my long braids fell out.

"Get that hair back," Father said sharply, but it was too late. The Indians came riding toward us gesticulating and excited.

"Damage is done," said Father. "The likes of your hair ain't been seen in these parts. Take your hat off."

My braids hanging long and shining in the sun, the breeze stirring my hair, made Tom say, "Your hair looks like fire."

Father had stopped the oxen and sat looking at the Indian who did the talking. At length Father turned to me, "He wants to take you with him. He says the medicine man told them a sign of happiness and good hunting would come from the sun-god. He thinks you're it."

"We gotta think quick," said Tom.

"Maybe they'd just take the hair," I said.

"Cut it off?" You'd think I'd struck Father.

I nodded. "All we can do is see."

The chief seemed to like the idea and held out his big knife to Father. Father said, "Steady, Elizabeth," as he cut one braid off, then the other. When both braids were in his hands, he gave them solemnly to the chief. Then he returned the knife. The Indians looked like they were going to kiss the braids. My head felt queer. Everything seemed to be going around. After the Indians had gone, Father gave me a drink of water. I cried for a long time. "Guess you got your fill of this trip, didn't you?" said Father.

EVERYBODY was surprised to see us at home. They'd given us up for having been massacred by the Indians. Tom was surprised to see Selma there with Mother. Selma gave a shriek and ran to Tom and hung on to him so tight that he lifted her off the ground.

"We thought you were scalped by the Indians," said Mother weeping with joy. "I could just see Betsy's beautiful long hair a hanging on to some Indian's belt."

I gulped, but I couldn't say anything. I just jerked off my cap and stood there. Mother let out a shriek and clutched Father. "My poor little girl! They scalped her!" We all began to cry, and it set up an awful din. Father began to get mad.

"She ain't scalped. It'll grow out. It's her own fault for comin' along."

When Father told Mother all about it, she dried her eyes at once. "Serves you right, Betsy," she said in a firm voice. "It's a just punishment. You'll look like a boy now all right."

"All come into the house," said Father, and he and Tom took in all the things we had brought home. Father handed one of the bonnets to Selma. "For the bride," he said, with a little bow.

Selma blushed and said, "I ain't been asked outright yet."

Then Tom got red, and said, "I

was waiting to see if you liked that Taggart better'n me."

"I knew I didn't the minute I heard you was dead by the Indians," said Selma, and she blushed fit to kill when we all screamed with laughing. Father said, "No, he's alive. You won't change your mind though, I hope."

I began to feel proud that I had been through that trip, for the girls were looking at me like I was something wonderful. I knew I could get them to do anything I wanted all winter, just by offering to tell them all that had happened. Father was sitting in his chair writing in his little black book. Mother, who had been shaking her head to make the new earrings dangle, stopped to say, "The presents are . . . purty, but it's you . . . it's you bein' back safe that counts."

Father cleared his throat and looked out the window a minute.

"Tradin's getting soft," he said. "I didn't have to dicker about them apples and 'cukes' at all. They set their own price—high, too. I'm takin' this dust and buyin' me some merchandise, and I'm goin' to start a store. When you don't have to dicker with folks, then its time to start a store. Tom, you can be my clerk."

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

That is how my Father started the first general store in our part of the country.

FROM THESE

Hortense Spencer Andersen

These children that, though varied, still reflect
Their current day almost without defect,
And like a handglass held close by, reveal
The fertile, careful genius which yet guides
Their eager, lusty growth toward some ideal,
Will surely change as life with time collides.

The years that have it in their constant power
To alter and modify from hour to hour,
Let them not steal the precious youthful zest,
Nor dull the gallantry, nor sweep away
The carefree, buoyant laughter; no, nor wrest
From these the trust that lights their way today.

Home Accident Prevention

THE seriousness of the accident problem reported by the American Red Cross in its publication "Home and Farm Accident Prevention" awakens us to the fact that no one can afford to be indifferent to accidents and their tragic consequences. This publication states that 10 million persons are injured annually; that 32,000 are killed annually in home accidents. It suggests a number of simple activities that can be carried on in the home in the interest of decreasing the high accident rate. These will be published serially in the *Magazine* during the next few months.

In view of the fact that half of the home accident fatalities are due to falls, the first suggestions are made with regard to preventing falls:

I. *To Prevent Falls at Home*

A. Stairs

Stairs should have strong rails securely fastened, sufficient headroom, and should be lighted.

Rugs, especially small ones, should not be put at head or foot of stairs, or on landings. If any rugs are used they should have non-skid material or mats under them to hold them to the floor and prevent their slipping.

Carpets used on stairs should be held in place by strips securely nailed down to prevent slipping or rolling. A tear or rip in the carpet material should be mended at once.

Worn or broken steps should be replaced or repaired at once.

Stairs should be clear of articles such as toys, brooms, flower stands, etc. Carrying too heavy a load while climbing or descending stairs often causes a fall or a serious strain on the muscles.

B. Floors

To prevent waxed floors from causing falls, use less wax and more rubbing.

Rugs on floors should have non-skid material or pads to hold them in place and prevent slipping.

Mop up grease or water at once.

Repair holes in the floor.

Teach children early in life to pick up toys, books, etc., after using them.

C. Bathroom

Provide strong hand holds within reach for person to use when getting in and out of tub and shower.

Place rubber mat in the bottom of tub or shower to prevent slipping while in standing position.

Have stationary soap dish to prevent soap falling into tub.

D. Ladders, Chairs, Etc.

Ladders should be strong, safe and properly locked and placed in position before using. Discard them the minute they are not sound. Don't set a ladder up straight for climbing. Give it some slope so it won't tip backward; set the base of the ladder carefully before starting up.

Chairs, boxes, small tables, etc., are never safe when used as substitutes for ladders.

When going up or down a ladder, hold to the sides of the ladder, not to the rungs.

E. Porches

Keep in constant repair. A porch with a too slanting floor, rotten foundation and leaky eave trough will cause a fall on a wet cold day.

Provide strong railings.

Build gates for protection of small children at head of steps.

F. Icy Surfaces

Use salt on steps and porches to melt ice.

Scatter ashes or sand on walks to prevent slipping.

G. Falling Objects

Leaning and crumbling chimneys will surely fall some day. Dead limbs from trees in the yard should be cut out before they fall. Don't leave things to fall out of any window or off railings. Warped boards should be removed from walks. Ends of boards should be fastened down. Nails should be promptly removed from loose boards.

The Show Is On!

Anna Prince Redd

INDIAN MOTHER

ACRES and acres of gleaming sand, cactus, yucca and lizards; mile upon mile of bleached alkali, tufted with coarse grass and scrawny brush; land of wonder and enchantment, cut through with flaming canyons worn by the water of centuries; towering green mountains, high, unexplored mesas, ship-like masses of rock standing majestically in the desert, ageless and solitary against unclouded skies; peaks looming a hundred miles away in the blue distances; land of silences and sounds—western New Mexico!

Just outside her modern cities a vast area stretches into unexplored canyons that guard the history and culture of an ancient people. Here, where but a handful of white people have ever been, Coronado, the Spanish explorer, in 1540 began his conquest. Long before Jamestown or the Mayflower, this was the land of a people whose homes still cling to the cliffs or top the mesas—skyline villages gleaming in the sun or standing castle-like in the desert. Here lived the first Americans, proudly proclaiming a civilization in many ways the equal of our own. Here their descendants live and die in a primitive state, making jewelry of silver and the sacred turquoise; making pottery, baskets, blankets, and intricate ceremonial pictures in the sand.

Transcontinental highways criss-cross the area, but travelers get only the merest glimpses of the alluring vistas and secluded spots that lose themselves in its vastness. Only on the horseback trips and side tours by bus or automobile does one really look behind the scenes. Since comparatively few tourists can or do take these trips, the town of Gallup, New Mexico, brings the charm, the culture and the traditions of this people to thousands of spectators every year. Nowhere in the world is there another such spectacle—the only all-Indian celebration in the world.

The white people take not the slightest part in the three-day fiesta except to play host. They feed the dancers, care for their ponies, provide hospital care, feed all Indian visitors at least one meal each day.

exploit their wares and direct the traffic. The rest is a gorgeous panorama so authentic in setting, so primitive and intense that it leaves one bewildered with its unreal reality.

Every street of the little city becomes a gateway; every house a tourist home if need be. From the spacious El Rancho and the famed Harvey House of the Santa Fe Railroad to the Catholic hospital high above the houses of the town, tourists find quarters and a gay, festive welcome. From pueblo and hogan, from brush shed and teepee, the Indians come. The first to come and the last to go are the tall, straight Navajos who arrogantly call themselves, "Dineh," meaning, "The People." They come in light spring wagons drawn by cayuse ponies or mules, deluxe automobiles, on foot or on horseback; some even "thumb" their way. Their bright blankets add splotches of color to the otherwise drab soil of their 15,000,000-acre reservation. As they come they chant and sing in shrill, clear tones that echo across the desert and strike against the crimson cliffs, to be re-echoed and lost in the stretching distances.

Bound for the big ceremonial, this thrifty tribe not only takes itself but its flocks and herds to graze nearby so that no one need miss the show and, incidentally, its profits. Ponies are loaded with Navajo blankets of the finest weave and patterns, squaws and men too old to walk, jewelry and furs for traders, and buckskin for Mexican boleros. Dogs and rattling pans are brought for noise, while sheep and goats for milk and for barter bring up the rear. Flutes of reed and tom-toms of hide make the music. The desert does the rest with thoroughness, coating everything with velvet dust and shimmering heat.

From many directions come the strong-winded, stocky little Hopis, peace-loving and solitary. Beside them come the Pueblos from Taos to Zuni, the Tewas, small and fun-loving, and the wary, full-fleshed Utes from Utah and Colorado. From every part of the colorful Southwest they come. Dogs bark and babies wail. Over all is the acrid smell of burning brush and evergreens.

In the town, every man, woman and child becomes ceremonial-minded. Men go about in flashy silk

TUG OF WAR

TAOS HOOP DANCES

NAVAJO FIRE DANCE

EAGLE DANCE

shirts and Spanish sombreros or in the beautiful velveteen smocks and white, slashed trousers of the Navajo. Women don long, full calico skirts—sometimes two or three of them—banded around the bottom with orange, purple, yellow, red (any color goes), and velvet, concho-belted tunics. Boys go cowboy and Indian chief. No matter what the time of day, there is no mistaking the festive air of the least inhabitant. From toddlers up, the children are dressed for all the world like their Indian friends, with knotted, string-wrapped hair, moccasined feet, and trailing skirts. Painted, feathered, sashed and be-silvered, they take over the show.

This is all good pow-wow to the Indians. They snicker and point as a party of bedecked Palefaces strut by. The Palefaces shout when a gaping Indian gets tangled up in the traffic and stands like a statue, mute and thoroughly bewildered, vainly seeking an avenue of escape. The laugh is only part of the fun, however. The children in Gallup never for a moment forget that they are hosts. If the copper boy doesn't right himself instantly, out darts a white boy to the rescue, and hand in hand the two squirm through the traffic back to the safety of the packed sidewalks.

AT ten o'clock on each of the three mornings of the celebration, a three-mile parade moves through the streets of the town. The afternoon is given over to a fast-moving, thrill-packed rodeo. All this is but marking time until the unbelievable splendor of the night performance. At night Gallup comes into its own! Thousands of Redmen and Palefaces face each other across huge ceremonial bonfires that light the arena. A hush falls over the crowds that pack the grandstand when the fire-lighting ceremony is finished. It breaks a little as the mounting flames push back the dark shadows of the scented night and then rises to feverish excitement as the low boom-boom of the tom-toms floats inward, followed by the pad of moccasined feet as the ceremonial dance begins.

Into the circle of light rides a dignified Indian chief in trailing feathered headdress and buckskin regalia. Beside him is a beautiful Acoma girl, dressed in soft white doeskin, a single feather in the band around her dark, braided hair. The mincing steps of her pony are contrasted against the larger strides of the Chief's horse. Behind them the Inter-Tribal All-Indian Band marches. After them come the fierce, war-like Apaches, doing their famous Devil Dance and wearing hoods, black buckskin molded like clay to their faces. The masks whirl fiercely without any apparent motion of the sinister heads. Arms and legs take on unhuman curvatures. Never still, they seem possessed of the evil spirits they seek to frighten away.

No less elaborate and varied are the masks of the other tribal dancers. They are seen in every size from fitted hoods to nine-foot Shalako masks worn by the famous Zuni dancers when Shalako, messenger of the gods, visits the pueblo.

Taos hoop dancers, oil-well Indians from Oklahoma, Cheyenne Arapohoes, Apaches, Hopis, Navajo Yeibichai dancers in the weirdest of all tribal masks, buffalo dancers, quail dancers, harvest dancers and

hunting dancers form a swift-moving, colorful spectacle that quickens the blood and sends an answering chill down the spine as the thousands of spectators send up one long cheer and lapse into awed silence at the unfamiliar sound of their own voices. The rhythmic beat, beat, of the tom-toms, the tinkle of tiny bells, the rattle of gourds and seed pods, the unearthly chant that rises to a shrill crescendo as the march progresses around the fire-lit arena, pulse into the far corners of the country, rising in intensity, dying to hushed monotony.

The opening strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" float over the vibrant air. Rising to their feet, one grand mass of color and harmony, Whites and Indians alike stand at attention while the national anthem is played by the Indian band. There is a stricture in the throat as the last note dies away. The silence that follows is a prayer.

Then in a burst of gaiety the show is on! Far into the night the dancing pulsates till the earth vibrates with rhythm. Each tribe outdoes the other in weird gyrations. With bonfire spotlights, towering mountains for backdrops, chants ten thousand years old the only stimulant to a delirious momentum, the Indians of twenty-one Southwestern tribes revert to the primitive. Time recedes, aeons turn backward as the hour hand moves forward. Daylight finds the ticket stub in your hand a soggy ball and every muscle of your body tense with excitement, but not with weariness. Too keyed up for sleep when you finally seek your quarters, you lie and listen to the hour-after-hour chanting that subsides only with the coming of the sun.

There is the barking of dogs and the smell of smoke and frying foods. The atmosphere is too hot and dry to breathe well. There are pangs of hunger. It is noon. Six hours more and the weirdest of all spectacle begins again, to end with the dawn and start all over again at dusk. Tomahawks couldn't keep you from the scene.

WHILE the Indians lie in lethargic sleep, you begin the tour of the exhibit buildings. Throughout the ceremonial, Indian craftsmen of all tribes demonstrate their handicrafts—both the finished highly-artistic products and those in the process of making. Navajo and Hopi tribesmen and squaws make and sell pottery, leather goods, blankets. Silversmiths make intricate designs on belts, necklaces, purses and beads—all before your eyes. A Navajo medicine man directs the making of the daily sand painting, the most famous and skillful of all the Indian arts. Under his direction, apprentices sift the colored sands through their deft fingers onto the smooth-as-glass sand base in the ceremonial lodge. At night the "painting" is destroyed with proper ceremony.

The exhibit offers a sales outlet for fine Indian arts and crafts, but its greatest asset is its educational value. Through these exhibits, conceptions of craftsmanship are elevated among the Indians and Whites, and national and international markets are opened up. This is especially true of the Navajo blanket industry. Navajo rug-making is the oldest living craft in America according to authorities. It has

reached its lowest level of production ten years ago. Since the inception of the Gallup August Ceremonial, the industry has increased over one hundred percent in both quality and quantity, and the weaver is now getting a fair return for his labor, as well as a market for his wool.

Exhibits of farm and garden products, grain, sheep, goats, horses and cattle are shown, which would rival those of most state fairs. Prizes awarded in all fields stimulate the craftsmen to improve their work. They get new ideas from the displays to take home and adapt to their own individual art. The result is better products and more business.

Demonstrations of weaving, pottery-making, Kachin carving and decorating are hourly in progress. Indian arts and crafts now attract world-wide attention. Blankets, beads, jugs, decorative pottery, tom-tom end tables, are gay additions to living rooms. The vogue for Indian design in clothes among the Whites is seen as a direct result of the exhibits.

The whole ceremonial is an educational exploitation that defies description.

Editor's Note: The Indians set the dates for the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial held at Gallup, New Mexico. The exact dates vary from year to year. This year (1941) the ceremonial will be a four-day fiesta and will be held August 13, 14, 15, and 16.

Pictures used in this article are by Doctor Carl E. Young, a devotee of Indian lore. He is particularly interested in Indian dances and ceremonies and is frequently in attendance at the Gallup ceremonial where these pictures were secured.

"TAKE time to work—it is the price of success. Take time to think—it is the source of power. Take time to play—it is the secret of perpetual youth. Take time to read—it is the foundation of wisdom"—*Rueminations.*

"LIFE is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."—*George Bernard Shaw, Irish Dramatist.*

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

O'er-arched by August's deep blue skies
The hope of spring resplendent lies.

"THE race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." To this faith hold fast. It is things spiritual that conquer and survive the horrors of brutal force and preserve the beautiful way of life. Creative souls who gave the world its cultural glory are immortal, and out of the ashes of destruction they will build again. Such is the story of the past; such must be the story of the present!

RUTH STEWART, aged seven, niece of a ship steward, said to her music teacher one day, "Paderewski came to see me yesterday. He played for me." It was true. The Polish patriot and the world's greatest pianist played for this little girl on her battered piano. These human gestures were as much a part of his life as his art; both were expressions of a great soul.

BARBARA BRANDLEY, daughter of one of Utah's outstanding poets — the late Elsie Talmage Brandley — staged a unique wedding party this summer as she stood with her young husband, Norman Howells, son of counselor Marcia K. Howells, attended by six lovely sisters as bridesmaids.

ROTHELLA WADE, of Salt Lake, won a prize and special honors for her designs at the annual exhibit of the Trephagen School of Fashion in New York City.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN wa the first woman pilot to take Hudson bomber across the Atlanti to London, where she landed suc cessfully.

MARY SPENCER CORN WALL, 80, and Tranquill Brady Jordan, 95, are numbere among the notable mothers wh passed away this summer.

GEORGIA YOUNG, for man years an active officer in the A trusa Club, an ethical social-relation organization, was a popular candi date for International President a the convention held in Roanoke Virginia, this summer.

FLORA CLOMAN, Washingto socialite, one-time resident c Utah and Idaho, later connecte with United States Embassy in Lon don, at 70 has written her autobiog raphy, titled, *I'd Live It Over. Wall ing the Whirlwind*, by Brigi Knight, *No One Now Will Know* by E. M. Delafield, and *Of Men an Women*, by Pearl Buck, are a few c the many worthwhile books by wom en recently published.

IRENE PICK, student at a Polis university, was arrested with fort other fellow students, imprisoned i Russia and sentenced to be executed Through the American minister sh was released and is now back in th United States. She has many inte esting stories to tell.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Motto—Charity Never Faileth
THE GENERAL BOARD
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Vol. 28 AUGUST, 1941 No. 8

EDITORIAL

Friendliness in Church Gatherings

A POPULAR magazine recently published an account of a little orphan girl, eight years of age, who journeyed nearly 8000 miles alone from Norway, her name and destination stitched on the inside of her coat. Her knowledge of the American language was limited to two words, "Mickey Mouse." After landing in New York, the little traveler rested a few days and then was placed on a train by an attache of the Traveler's Aid Society and sent an additional 3155 miles to San Francisco, where a gentleman who had adopted her received her at the final terminus of a long trek. Greeting her in her native tongue, the gentleman asked, "How do you like America?" Enthusiastically the little girl answered, "I am glad I came to America. Everybody adopted me." The memories of her long trip were of kindnesses received along the way. She was alone and yet not alone. Everyone she had met had extended the hand of friendliness, and the long road had been made bright by human kindness. The magazine concludes the story by saying: "It is comforting in times of universal turmoil to read of something wondrously beautiful, something not yet perished from the souls of men."

Friendliness and human kindness are universal needs of mankind. Without them one is lonely and embittered; with them one's spirit is light and he rises above the things that would defeat him. However, in every community, in schools, churches, clubs or social organizations, there are those who are denied these things. For one reason or another they stand on the edge of things. Sometimes it is because they are critical and bitter, condemning other people as snobs, blaming circumstances, feeling that they are unappreciated and misunderstood, that people are unfair to them. Sometimes they remain on the outside because they feel inadequate in some respect—financially, socially, or otherwise. Sometimes something has occurred in their lives that makes them withdraw from the group. Sometimes they are not a part of things merely because they are by nature

diffident and retiring. Wistful people, they innately yearn to be a vital part of the group, to be friendly and to win friends, but they remain lonely because they do not know how to freely mingle with others.

No matter what the cause, he who feels outside the group and who remains on the edge of things is to be sympathized with, and understanding effort should be made to bring him in and to make him feel an integral part of the whole.

All too frequently, however, those who should be alert to his situation, and who are in a position to draw him in, either fail to recognize his need or are so absorbed in other (and often less important) things that they do not take time to give him the consideration he deserves. In some instances they, thoughtlessly no doubt, actually contribute to his feeling of loneliness.

This is frequently the case in our Church gatherings, even in Relief Society. A letter received at the general office a short time ago is indicative of this. It read: "There are a few things that have been fretting me which I mention for your consideration. A lady who has been active and lived in the ward most of her life said she had bet her family that she could go to Sunday School and Sacrament meeting and not have one person speak to her, except perhaps the bishop at the evening meeting. She claimed this happened. It has also happened on other occasions."

Church gatherings should be the most friendly gatherings in the world, because the Church is built upon the divine principle of brotherhood. The terms "brother" and "sister," so universally used in the Church, are symbols of the fel feeling that should characterize upon all occasions and under all cumstances as the Church of J Christ of Latter-day Saints. T is no organization more concer with the well-being and happi of mankind. Therefore, not should be lost sight of that in way promotes happiness and g will. While a spirit of friendli should pervade our meetings, should always be properly expre —never in whispering or other cordant ways.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard said u one occasion, "The future gro and strength of the Church depe upon our ability to win and hold save our fellowmen." Friendli wins and holds as do few o things. The Prophet Joseph Sm in addressing the Relief Society ters, said: "When persons mani the least kindness and love to me what power it has over my mi

Officers should never become involved in the work itself that t lose sight of the people. Time s in cordial greeting and in ma a sister feel she is one of us is equ as important in holding her as is perfectly conducted meeting.

Members, too, must remem that while officers may at times b fault, there are laws in friends and those arrive who observe t laws.

And what are the laws of fri ship? A wise writer puts them t "A man that hath friends must s himself to be friendly. That i say, people who wish to have fri must do their share in the tra tion. They must go half wa least. They must not stand aro

vaiting for people to speak to them, r hurry away without giving anyone chance to speak. They must find pleasant things to say and kind hings to do. They must make a ousiness of friendship—study its aws, watch for opportunities, invest, dare and expect success. Those who practice the laws of friendship are rewarded with an envious concourse of friends."

Through cooperative effort, the spirit of "gladly meeting, kindly greeting" should distinguish all Church gatherings. Everyone attending any of our meetings should feel as did that little Norwegian girl, that "everybody has adopted" him.

Death of Sarah M. McLelland

THE death of Sarah M. McLelland, for twenty-four years a member of the Relief Society General Board, occurred in Salt Lake City, June 28, 1941. Sister McLelland was the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth M. McLelland, faithful Latter-day Saints who received the Gospel in Scotland in 1841. Following the splendid example of her parents, Sarah McLelland was devoted to the Gospel and spent her life in active service to the Church. Endowed with many talents and great energy, she spent both in furthering the great latter-day work. She began her Church service as a Sunday School worker in the first Farmer's Ward Sunday School in 1876, and from that time on she held positions of responsibility and leadership in the Church.

In 1909-10 she fulfilled a mission in the Central States and in 1911 did missionary work on Temple Square.

She was called to the Relief Society General Board May 12, 1911. At the time of her call, she was president of the Granite Stake Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. As a member of the Relief Society General Board, Sister McLelland met with willingness and efficiency the many responsibilities incumbent upon her as a Board member. She served on committees, visited the stakes, and accepted many special assignments. In 1913, in company with President Emmeline B. Wells, she attended the National Council of Women held in New York, and again in 1918 she attended the meetings held in St. Louis, in company with Julina Smith and Amy Brown Lyman.

Feeling that her health would no longer permit her to fulfill the arduous duties of a member of the Relief Society General Board, Sister McLelland in 1935 requested to be relieved of this responsibility. Her request was granted in April of that year. Her interest in the work of the Board, however, was pronounced until the time of her death.

Sister McLelland has set a worthy example in her life of love and service. She has written an enviable record in the history of Relief Society. The General Board acknowledges her service and is grateful for her life.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Cooperation Urged in Campaign for Non-use of Liquor and Tobacco

FOR some years past there has been functioning in the Church a General Campaign Committee, with Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve as chairman, and with each of the following groups represented: the Presiding Bishopric, the Church Department of Education, and each of the auxiliary general boards. In each of the stakes of the Church is a similar committee, appointed by the stake presidency. These committees are organized to put forth concerted efforts to help curtail the increasing consumption of liquor and tobacco.

The Relief Society regards it a privilege to be represented on these committees, to be called by the Priesthood into counsel, to give aid, and to lend influence to a cause so vital and far-reaching. The General Board appreciates all that Relief Society officers, committee members, and visiting teachers have done in the interest of this cause. It is especially grateful to the visiting teachers for their willingness to assist in the distribution of the many thousands of pamphlets sent to the stakes. All members of the Relief Society are urged to take a personal interest in these splendid publications and to encourage all members of their families to read and discuss them as family groups. It would be well to keep them on file for future reference for the younger members of the family.

Mothers in the Church are urged to become acquainted with the va ous activities of the Priesthood, au iliary organizations, and the Chur Department of Education with gard to the non-use of alcohol a tobacco. They should be interest and cooperative, that the childr of the Church may gain the benef and blessings intended for them.

Space will not permit us to prese a detailed account of these activiti but mothers may become acquaint with them through the local orga izations and committees. They a broad in scope and are so plann as to interest our children and the same time teach them the be fits that come from clean living; f example, in the Primary progra is included something specific f the Blazer Boy, the Trekker, a the Guide, whereby they may lea the importance of clean living. nine-year-old boy, during the y he is a Blazer, starts the "heal trail" and in a very unique way me the "Vitamins." The ten-year-c Trekker continues on. He fin added experiences along this trail health, and finally learns what t "Word of Wisdom" says abc foods. The eleven-year-old follo along the "Guide" trails and lea to desire a strong, healthy body. obtain it he is willing to follow t health rules given by our Father Heaven. Therefore, a Guide will r use tobacco; he will not take a dri that contains alcohol. To furt clinch childish impressions, the H

mary is initiating poster projects on the "Word of Wisdom," emphasizing clean living. One attractive poster reads: "Wormy apples fall before the harvest." This example of what the Primary is doing indicates the fine program that is planned by that organization to assist in the campaign.

Mutual Improvement Association programs are laden with excellent materials and inspirational intrigues, to charm, win, and keep our sons and daughters "clean and unspotted." Special attention is called to a folder prepared and sent out by the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. The material is of special interest to our girls. Girls are asked to meet together in informal groups during the summer months to discuss this material. Mothers should encourage their daughters to keep this assignment. Special lessons are also planned for Gleaners; for example, the lesson for November, 1941, "I the Lord Give Unto Them a Promise," and the lesson for December, "Rally Round the Standard Bearer." In May, 1942, stake rallies of M Men and Gleaners, duplicates of this year's June Conference rally, are to be held. The rules for basketball players found in the *M Men's Hand Book* are excellent and should be read by mothers.

If there is an Explorer in the family, mothers will be interested in reading about "Healthmen" from the *Supplement to Log of the Explorer Trail*, No. 10, to learn the requirements for a health merit badge. Explorers are to commit to memory the "Word of Wisdom."

The Aaronic Priesthood project for 1941 and 1942 deserves special attention. Every member of that order of the Priesthood is to prepare and give a five-minute talk in some Church gathering on the "Word of Wisdom."

The Church Department of Education has carefully worked out units of study on the non-use of alcohol and also on the non-use of tobacco as regular parts of its course of study. These have been revised and enlarged this summer. It is also preparing a transcript, one side of which presents scientific facts relative to alcohol and the other side tells how the non-use of alcohol contributes to happy, joyous living. This is to be used on sound machines with pictures.

The Sunday School has prepared an interesting and instructive film entitled, "Out of the Game," with a transcript which supports it. One side of the transcript is the story of a boy who was "out of the game" because of the use of tobacco. The other side is a sequel to this and is the testimonial of great athletes and coaches on the benefits of abstinence from alcohol and tobacco.

The General Campaign Committee is anxious to extend its efforts to the boys in the army camps. When writing to their sons, mothers might ask them to be alert for anything that the Church might be doing to help protect them from temptation.

All projects in the interest of non-use of alcohol and tobacco have received careful and thoughtful consideration and merit the heartiest cooperation of the mothers of the Church.

The Merry-Go-Round

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER FIVE

SYNOPSIS

ALYN FORDYCE struggles against her husband,

JOHN FORDYCE, who insists upon continuing his work at the Milton Nurseries, which he likes, but which pays only $150 a month instead of $500 which Alyn is used to. She thinks he is selfish not to humor her in compensation for her inability to have children, and is annoyed with his enthusiasm over a sport, or mutation, on an apricot tree —one that blossoms earlier than the rest. She wishes John could meet

JUDITH WYATT, whom she has met by chance, a young woman of good breeding and grace, who is to become a mother. Humiliated by her friends, who know John's change of status and her refusal to admit it, Alyn decides the only solution is divorce. However, when she goes to fill the appointment with

JUDGE OLDHAM, whom she has chosen to represent her, she overhears him denouncing a woman who apparently is surrounded by her same set of circumstances, and she hurries out of his office without waiting to see him. In desperation, with a desire to be independent of John, Alyn decides to get a job.

ALYN sat aloof from the people about her, but felt rather foolish in the waiting room of The Home Acres Real Estate Company. She was very conscious of the presence of an elderly man, a slender girl, and a young man whose linen was not too clean. They were there for the same purpose as she—employment. The younger man and the girl were engaged in conversation.

"I always figure this way," the young man was saying, "when you go to look for work, remember this you may be scared, but the man wh is hiring you, he's scared, too. He wondering about you just as mu as you are about him. You are tryi to impress him all right, but don forget he's trying to impress you ju as much, as a boss I mean." Neve theless, the young man straighten his tie nervously when the secreta motioned for him to go into on of the offices. Alyn stirred to leav this was no place for her, waitin with shabby people to be inte viewed. But she was too late—th secretary's eyes were upon her, an her expression was one of respec almost awe.

Real estate sounded more dign fied the Alyn than some other lin of business. She had thought interior decorating or some vag executive position. She might cas ally talk to Vivian Preece who owne the Axdale Furniture Company they had gone to school together or to Farley Haight who had the a store. They would do anything f her. There were dozens of peop she could appeal to, and, if the wo came to the worst, there were alwa her close personal friends.

"Mr. Hendley will see you now the secretary announced. The youn man who had preceded her into th office came out in a surprising short time and passed hasti through the room, head down, u willing to face the girl, unable hide his failure, brave opinions no withstanding. Alyn went in. Th

man across the desk looked up with an expression of pleasant surprise, welcoming a deviation from routine. "Yes?" he said.

"I saw your advertisement in this morning's paper," Alyn began.

"Oh, that. Well, it's a beautiful house, but you are in the wrong department. Step through the door and ask for Mr. Thomas; he knows all about the property."

"I mean your advertisement about employment," explained Alyn.

"You mean you want work?" Mr. Hendley asked incredulously.

"Yes," said Alyn, "I do."

The man's face underwent a change. The suavity of the salesman, the deference due a customer were gone. Instead, there was the searching glance of one who dealt shrewdly with those who might gain employment from him. He appraised Alyn as if she had said something preposterous. "Are you a typist?"

"No," said Alyn, "I don't type."

"Can you keep records, or care for a file?" he asked.

"No," said Alyn again. Mr. Hendley sat back in his chair and looked at her with something less than pity.

"Perhaps you had in mind the selling end of the business?" he offered with an air of great patience.

"Selling?" The very word stiffened a resentment in Alyn. Mr. Hendley saw it at once.

"Yes, selling. Selling, my dear young lady, is the ground upon which all business is built—not buying, selling. Whether you like it or not, if you don't recognize that fact you have no place in the business world." His tone indicated his forte and left no room for doubt. He was a salesman and was proud of it.

"I guess you are right," said Alyn. "I had not thought of it in that way."

"What had you thought of? You want work. What can you do? What has been your experience?"

"None, I'm afraid," answered Alyn.

"Well, in that case, Mrs. . . . "

"Fordyce," supplied Alyn automatically, and cold with rage and resentment at being patronized and scolded, she started to assemble her things.

Mr. Hendley continued, more kindly. "You could go to the State Employment Office; they may find something for you to do, if you must work." He seemed unable to associate the need for work with one so well dressed. "Husband out of work?"

"No, my husband . . . " began Alyn and stopped; she could not tell this man anything of her private affairs.

Mr. Hendley made a sympathetic gesture. "Too bad, those things do happen." Alyn realized that he had mistaken her for a widow. "Frankly, Mrs. Fordyce, this is a hard world, a man's world. If you want to make your way with any degree of success, you must have some of the qualities of a man, and you must have something specific to offer or there will be no takers." How crudely he put it. Long afterward the words clung—*you must have some of the qualities of a man, and you must have something specific to offer.*

ALYN went home wearily despondent. The recital of her lack of capabilities, humiliating, shattering, went through her mind despite every attempt to shut it out. She could not type, keep records, care

for a filing system; she was temperamentally unfitted for selling, therefore she was of no use in a man's world of barter and trade. Surely there must be something in her make-up that fitted her to do something reasonably well; there must be some place into which she would fit. She had thought herself well equipped to take a place in the world outside of her home. But just what could she do? She thought of combining her ladylike qualities in some way with commercial life, but she withdrew hurriedly from that thought. There was something distasteful about being charming for hire. The day's encounter had been enough and too much for her.

John sat reading the paper and poring over texts on horticulture. Alyn pretended to listen to the radio, but in reality her thoughts made no clear pattern. She felt trapped, defeated at every turn.

After an almost wordless evening, she went to bed to dream that she and John were swimming endlessly at sea; that she was towing John to a distant land, dim in the half-light; that he was heavy and resistant. She knew on that distant land were fresh water, food, comfort, but John could not be made to understand; that he kicked free to swim in some mad fashion of his own. Instead of relief at the loss of his weight, she found, paradoxically, that he had been supporting her, not she him.

She was not rested in the morning, and it irritated her slightly to have John present himself at the table shining with vitality, brushed and shaved, smelling faintly of soap and toothpaste. He spooned into his apricots and held up a half for her to see.

"Alyn, you would be amazed t see the apricots on that limb I ar watching. They're larger than thes already and haven't begun to riper they're two whole weeks ahead of th crop. Milton and the other men ar watching them, too. They all ca them the "Fordyce" sport.

"John," said Alyn. "How did yo say you got your job?"

"I just went in and told Milto I wanted it; that I had had no e perience in that line, but I had a ways been interested in horticultur and he gave me the job."

"That easy?" Alyn looked at Joh with new eyes.

"Well, almost. He was on tl way out to look over some trees, ar I went along. We talked an ho or so, and I guess he could tell n interest was not pretended. I to him how I felt about a person wor ing at something he didn't like ar how I didn't fit where I had beer

"John, you didn't! And he hir you, knowing you to be a fai . . . Alyn caught herself. "Oh, Joh I'm sorry."

"I wasn't a failure," said Jol without rancor. "Mr. Milton s not many men would be as hon as I. He felt the same as I d having been an outdoor man all l life. He said an office job wo drive him daft in thirty days."

It was almost easy to agree w John.

"John, is it easy to sell things? mean merchandise, dresses, r estate, and things like that?"

John laughed. "It seems odd a Merriweather to ask that questi Your family's money was ear through that special gift. My fat used to say your grandfather co have sold a waistline to a wasp. Y

father was just as capable, and Mother often envied your mother's ability to dispense dinners and charm in the right direction."

"Oh, John! You make my people sound awful—money grabbers, Shylocks. Nothing is farther from the truth. The culture. . . . The background. . . . I suppose you think I am the same."

"No, really. I have nothing but admiration for a gift, no matter in which direction it lies; but I don't believe in using one man's gift as a yard rule for all."

Alyn couldn't believe that John was not treating her to a little subtle sarcasm, though she searched his face in vain for a sign. The suspicion nettled her.

"What a crude conversation," she said, but in spite of herself little scraps of conversation, little incidents which justified what John had said came to her mind.

"Well, darling," John continued, "a woman as beautiful as you are should not have to worry. I meant no insinuation that your people were not absolutely right. Selling, competition, was the breath of life to them. Certain lines of work would have been torture to your father, so it would have been silly to force him to do any work other than that which he did. Remember what I said about a dominating interest? You can't have it without doing the thing you love most to do. Know what I mean?

SUDDENLY Alyn recalled all that had brought up this conversation; she remembered the quick snub she had received from Bea McIntyre when her financial status had changed.

"I know only one thing," she burst out, "so long as I live I shall have no desire to see Bea McIntyre again."

As soon as the words were spoken she knew the outburst to be impetuous and childish, and she wished she might recall what she had said.

"Bea?" questioned John. "Why do you say that, darling?"

Alyn, somewhat abashed, would not answer.

"Alyn, why don't you talk more freely to me? You are so reserved that I have to guess what goes on in your mind, and it distresses me very much. Believe me, darling, I want you to be happy. I still want that in spite of the motives you must sometimes apply to my actions. Has Bea been unpleasant?"

John actually bristled, but Alyn remembered his prediction that her friends would soon make her feel the difference in her financial status. She wouldn't let John have the satisfaction of knowing his prediction had been fulfilled.

"I must remember butter when I get the groceries," she said at random, trying to change the subject, but John detected the device.

"Alyn," he said, sitting opposite her and taking both her hands in his own, "I have thought through our situation thoroughly. I know some unpleasantness is inevitable. I had planned to keep you happy in spite of everything, but when you don't tell me about what goes on I can't help the situation. I know a great deal of the wrong is in your own thinking. I do so want to help you settle your values as I have mine."

Alyn was surprised and nettled. She drew back her hands.

"I think this is stupid," she said coldly.

John gave her a long, concerned look, and Alyn had a moment of regret that she had been so unpleasant. His words had the ring of truth, but how dared he suggest she was wrong? No matter how he felt about his own activities, he had no right whatever to force her into an unwanted situation. Everywhere she turned for escape she was balked by the lack of money.

She felt as if she were going mad. There was not one person in whom she could confide and who would understand. Resentment mounted within her; the same old nightmare, the same fissures at her feet. Sensibilities or not, the only possible way out for her was a job.

SHE feverishly dusted and finished odds and ends of straightening, in haste to be off. She would go to the State Employment Office first, she promised herself; after that, if necessary, she would go to her friends. There would be no repetition of yesterday's mistake. She would be frank as to her lack of experience. Surely there would be someone in the Employment Office willing to talk to her about her situation.

But there was no one. The place was extremely businesslike with rows of desks at which sat numbers of workers absorbed with stacks of papers. She was directed here and there with machine-like impersonality. "Fill out this form at one of the desks," she was told, or, "We will call you, Madam, if we can place you," and she was dismissed, feeling, of course, that nothing whatever would come of it.

Outside, on the sidewalk, Alyn took a long breath. Now for her friends. She realized suddenly that there was not one friendship she cared to risk. How could she open the subject, for instance, to Vivian Preece? Her steps tapped out the questions Mr. Hendley had asked her yesterday. Viv would be happy to see her after so long a time. But what if his face changed when he learned her reason for coming to him, as did Mr. Hendley's yesterday? It seemed not quite honest to play upon a friendship for something she couldn't get without such a personal appeal. She knew she couldn't do it.

Suddenly a thought struck her. "Your grandfather could sell a waistline to a wasp," John had said. So could her father and her mother. Perhaps she had the same gift inherent in her nature. The thought did something to her. A Merry weather at sea in business? She would show John Fordyce! She would apply for a selling job at every store on the street! The sign, "Charlotte: Chapeaux," caught her eye and into the shop Alyn went.

The one clerk was busy with a customer in the back. Alyn waited a few minutes, then her eye caught a hat, a lovely thing of fine, white straw with flattering lines. It was not rakish, but was perky enough to be smart. She simply must see how she looked in it. She took off her hat and moved toward it with the intention of trying it on. At that moment a girl swept in, nodded to her briefly, and quickly sat down before a mirror. She noted the hat Alyn was about to grasp, and said:

"Yes—try that one on me."

Alyn looked at her in amazement

then perceived that the girl thought her a clerk. She opened her mouth to explain, glanced about for another employee. The clerk was still busy, her back turned. Alyn closed her mouth and did as the girl bade.

"We'll see whether I can sell," she told herself grimly.

"Fine," said the girl, hardly looking at the hat. "I'll take it."

This was too easy. "No," said Alyn, distressed at the girl's offhand manner. Besides, the hat did not become her. "Look what the shape does to your jawline. This isn't your hat. Here. . . ."

She snatched another hat from a niche—one with a youthful halo effect in blue and brim-facing of pastel flowers.

"Look. See how it emphasizes the delicate point of your chin? A girl with a smooth brow, so young and slim and lovely as you are should wear a girlish hat. It's the difference between being good-looking and beautiful."

The girl stared at her, wide-eyed. "Hats," she said, "are the bane of my life. I only buy them because Mother insists. I never know how to select one. Maybe you'll teach me. I'll come here every time. Mother . . . her hats look like Queen Mary's."

"I . . . " began Alyn.

"You just do that, dearie," cut in a voice, "and I'll see that this lady always assists you in your selections. She does know her hats. There isn't one in the store that would become you better. Here, I'll box it for you. That will be twelve-fifty."

(To be continued)

A TIME FOR MAGIC

Nellie O. Parker

I love to sit by the fire
  While the embers are all aglow
And muse in the shadowy stillness
  Where things but vaguely show.
It's then I feel a presence
  So peaceful and benign
Which spreads a magic beauty
  Over everything of mine.
The room takes on a richness
  No palace has rivaled yet;
I feel glad and oh, so grateful—
  There are no troubles to forget.
I hear the rhythmic breathing
  Of my dear ones up the stair;
My heart beats strong in unison—
  Love is vibrant everywhere.
Could it be this magic something
  Is the spirit of our home
Drawn by my receptive mood
  To make her presence known?

Some Literary Friends

Florence Ivins Hyde

No. IX

Character Education

IN a program of home reading it is important to include something on the serious subject of character education. Although character education is a community problem, with responsibility resting upon the school and the church, it is also a home problem; what we become depends to a greater degree upon our homes than upon any other agency. The home has no more important function.

Harry Emerson Fosdick says: "With the many overhead schemes for the world's salvation, everything rests on integrity and driving power in personal character."

Since example is more effective than precept, parents themselves must *be* what it is desirable that their children become. But that is not enough. To do the job effectively we should become acquainted with the methods and channels by which character may be developed. The goal of all moral education is summed up in the commandments of Jesus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." But this is theory, and the practical method of working it out is our responsibility.

We speak glibly of the term "character." It may be difficult to define, but certainly the test of character is the ability to live up to one's ideals. It is the life within that is of vital importance, not the life our friends know. All the talent and gifts in the world will not make a man of one if one has not character. It is not always found in beautiful homes. It is even possible to have a beautiful home life without developing the essentials of character.

Mr. Frank C. Sharp has written a book entitled, *Education for Character*, in which he discusses the aims of moral education and some of the methods of attaining those aims. "Children must be educated for the larger life," he says, "to help one's neighbor with love. No matter how attractive or gifted a child may be, moral education has not reached its goal until there have been adopted principles which enable the possessor to stand on his own feet, regardless of what others may do." A child must be taught to say "*no* when his whole soul cries out yes and to say yes when his soul cries *no*." When he can do that he has learned to stand alone.

A notable example of what can be accomplished by skillful effort is found in the story of the great teacher Fenelon and his pupil the Duke of Burgundy. Fenelon was entrusted by Louie XIV with the education of this boy, his grandson. The young Duke was headstrong, at the slightest provocation showing a violent temper. Fenelon was a man of rare ability and intelligence. When the

boy showed fits of temper, his teacher picked up his playthings and walked away, leaving him alone until his conscience mastered him.

He gave him simple food and exercise in the open air, but most important of all he made his study so agreeable that he entered the schoolroom almost as readily as he left it. This developed in him a hunger for knowledge which was to fit him for his position as ruler of his people.

To strengthen the boy's judgment, they read history and discussed the faults of rulers. The prince was always asked to give his opinion of the conduct of each king. His moral lessons came first from fables and fairy tales. From here they went to history and from history to politics, which prepared the boy for the throne. By this method, Fenelon completely changed the character of this child, correcting his faults and making of him a person who believed in the principles of truth and justice and who loved the happiness which comes from a sense of duty well done.

In this story we have demonstrated two important factors in the building of character—the character of the teacher, which is the most important, and a knowledge of the methods and channels by which character may be developed. "Conduct," says Mr. Sharp, "is determined by the influence of contagion as by nothing else in the world."

MR. SHARP discusses punishment and says that if properly administered it is not brutal. It tends to awaken in the child a sense of the seriousness of his act. He must be made to *feel* that he has trampled upon the rights of others, then he may feel truly repentant. "Moral habits should not be merely outer conformity because the public demands it, but rather an inner loyalty to the moral ideal. . . . When we conform because we have to, we are likely to react against it when we acquire freedom." When athletes go back to the habit of smoking when the training season is over, it is apparent that they abstained to keep a place on the team, not from any moral ideal.

Conflict with opposing forces is always involved in moral training. It is met at home and at school. Children must learn that much of the work of the world is drudgery, and it is their job to have enthusiasm for the tasks they dislike as well as for the tasks they enjoy. James M. Barrie says, "The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but rather in liking what one has to do."

Parents sometimes question the advisability of girls spending time on mathematics; but though it may never be used in life, the fact that they have met an intellectual difficulty and mastered it will give them strength to meet other difficulties in life.

"The world's fundamental need is integrity or trustworthiness in its many forms," and yet cheating in our schools has become so common that it is a real problem. It will never be solved until we have created among our students what the author calls a "moral revulsion" against dishonesty. He lists the fundamental aims of moral education to be a knowledge of what is right, the desire to *do* right, and the ability to *act* right. We do not always do right when we know what is right. Mere

knowledge is not enough unless we can develop along with it a love of right. This can be developed in precisely the same way as a love of literature or art is developed—by proper criticism, which in literature means studying style, character drawing, and other things unnoticed by the untrained reader.

It is the same with morals. Without training we fail to see life as it is. Only in times of death and tragedy do we seem to see life in its reality. When we have learned that "murder, theft, lying, breach of contract, injustice, are injuries to others, and that carelessness, laziness, want of pity, lack of public spirit fail to make others happier and better," we have taken an important step in good conduct.

Thomas Arnold once wrote, "When I look around upon boys and men, there seems to me some one point of quality which distinguishes really noble persons from ordinary ones. It seems to me to be moral thoughtfulness." This can be developed only by a study of human life.

HISTORY, literature, and biography are important channels through which we may study human life and through which ethics may be taught. History teaches us that there are both good and bad men in the world, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Athens gained her independence and liberty, but when she denied it to other groups over which she had power, her fall came. "The fall of Athens and of Napoleon were due to the want of integrity, justice, and humanity," all three of which are essential to moral character. "The personalities which exhibit strengtl of character and devotion to dut arouse our admiration, thus awaken ing the desire to act in like man ner. . . .

"Development of character mus grow out of the story of the race It can be done by good teaching— in other words, vivid presentatio and a scientific spirit, the spiri which seeks for cause and effects The best teaching involves strict ad herence to truths. But truth involve balance." For example, "An accurate picture of Carlyle's quarrels with hi wife is not a true impression of hi life as a whole, but a false one." The parent or teacher without this sens of proportion will not accomplis her purpose.

"Literature is more concrete tha history, arousing more admiratio and enthusiasm. The failure of Mac beth brings the truth of the fac that the wage of sin is death mor effectively than the annals of the fal of Athens. For the supreme picture of black pessimism yoked with the possession of power, wealth, assur ance of fame, and bits of colored glass for which the average man wil barter his soul, we must go, not t pages of history, but to the last act of this play."

The power to put oneself in the place of others lies at the very foun dation of the moral life. Good lit erature does this very thing.

"Biography combines many ad vantages of history and literature. It more than any other study, can lead us to realize that right doing involves not the weakness of the will, but on the contrary, strength, and that as in Lincoln, strength is compatible with warm affections and a charity and power of forgiveness that may

nake their possessor loved and re-ered even by his enemies in defeat. t may train us to recognize how lifficult it is to read the motives of nen and then pass judgment upon hem.

"HISTORY, literature and biography are valuable, but they annot provide sufficient material or training in the power to distinguish right from wrong and how to leal with temptations. . . . The Golden Rule can be employed to intie many ethical knots. . . . It is he effect we seek to produce upon uman welfare that determines whether an act is right or wrong.

"What, then, are the values of ife, and how can they be attained? . . Boys and girls are apt to ignore undamental things; to underestimate the value of some and overestimate others. We must make hem, somehow, feel that it pays to esist evil, to stand for what is right, o be industrious and to meet the problems of life with courage. *Satisfaction in life has a beneficial effect upon character,* tending to develop a kindly feeling toward one's fellow nen; dissatisfaction and disappointment tend to produce feelings of self-pity, envy, and hatred. The pursuit of the least satisfying goods—comfort, social position, 'success,' wealth, et cetera—is the source of the greater part of wrongdoing in the world. The most valuable things in ife are non-competitive. The possession of some of the most precious things is open to man in proportion as he is pure in heart and unselfish n deed."

In the teaching of conduct to the very young, story telling is important, because in this form moral principles can be understood by them. Let us not forget to use true incidents; but legends and fables, too, embodying fundamental truths are always valuable.

"Books are windows opening out into the world. They show us life beyond our experience, broadening our outlook, and arousing in the mind of the child the desire to be a member of the world's great order of chivalry. . . . As parents we want to help our children to do a little better than we did. This does not mean that we consider ourselves masters of the art; we merely feel that our experience has helped us to find an answer to some of their problems.

"For ordinary purposes the meaning of the Golden Rule is sufficient to teach a child he has done wrong. This at least serves as a foundation. . . . The old-fashioned home where members worked as a unit for the welfare of all, and which schooled them in self-control, is gone. The instruments of character-building left to us are: personal influence, membership in a healthy-minded group, moral training in its various forms, and the training of the mind to moral thoughtfulness. If we use them conscientiously and with due reflection our children will rise up and call us blessed."

Quotations used by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers of *Education for Character.*

Notes FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Wherever the name does not readily indicate the geographical location of t stake or mission, the location of its headquarters is designated in parentheses.

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" app in the *Magazine* for April, 1940, page 275.

RELIEF SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENTS AND SOCIALS

Palmyra Stake (Spanish Fork, Utah)

PALMYRA STAKE, of which Mrs. Phoebe I. Markham is stake Relief Society president, held a closing social June 3 at the Palamor Pavilion in Spanish Fork for all Relief Society members in the stake. There were 500 members present. The oldest and youngest members in attendance received a gift. They were Mary Taylor of the Fourth Ward and Harriet M. Davis of the Salem Ward, both 88 years of age, and Helen Hill of the Lakeshore Ward, 19 years old.

Each of the nine wards in the stake participated in the progra The number presented by the Spa ish Fork First Ward was a pagea "The Spirit of Motherhood," wi the characters portraying Moth Eve, Mother of Moses, Mary Mother of Jesus, Pioneer Moth and the Modern Mother. Beautif vocal and instrumental music add to the impressiveness of the scen and readings, The pageant was p sented under the direction of t ward enlistment committee wi Anna B. Poulson as chairman, a Ann S. Nelson representing the wa presidency. Ida Anderson is t president of this ward Relief Socie

CAST OF PAGEANT "THE SPIRIT OF MOTHERHOOD"
Spanish Fork First Ward, Palmyra Stake

OLDEST AND YOUNGEST MEMBERS PRESENT HONORED AT PALMYRA STAKE SOCIAL

Sitting, left to right, Mary Taylor and Harriet M. Davis, each 88 years old. Standing, Helen Hill, 19 years old.

Central States Mission

(Independence, Missouri)

MARY EDNA BUTLER, secretary-treasurer of the Oklahoma City Branch Relief Society, sent the following interesting report of the two events held in honor of the organization's ninety-ninth anniversary: "Tuesday, March 11, the eighteen members enrolled in this branch met for a delightful luncheon and program, where each lady costumed to represent one of the eighteen charter members of the Relief Society. These costumes are shown by the accompanying picture.

"The annual birthday social, March 17, was unique, inasmuch as our Relief Society was entertained in its anniversary party by the Priesthood quorums of the branch. The highlights of the social were the banquet and dance both held in the Venetian Room of the Y. W. C. A. The tables were beautifully decorated with the Relief Society colors of blue and gold, as were the printed programs. The program, also arranged by members of the Priesthood, was very entertaining and encouraging to the audience, which numbered fifty-four."

Dagmar Patterson is the president of the Relief Society in this branch, and James A. Cullimore is branch president.

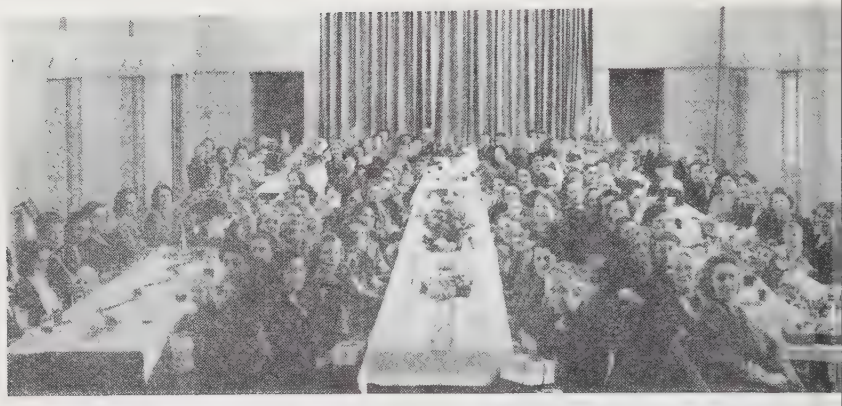
Inglewood Stake

(Inglewood, California)

HONORING the ninety-ninth birthday of the organization of the Relief Society, the Inglewood Stake Relief Society was hostess Friday, March 14, at a get-together luncheon and party at the stake house. Following the luncheon, skits were presented by each of the seven ward Relief Societies in the stake. The idea for serving the luncheon was unique in that each guest brought a daintily prepared and delicious lunch in a box, with her own

OKLAHOMA CITY BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Costumed to represent the 18 charter members of Relief Society.



INGLEWOOD STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY

name inside. These lunches were placed in a group, and each of the women selected a lunch and retired to her own ward table which had been decorated to correspond with the skit each ward was to present. After eating lunch, it became the duty of each guest to look up the lady who had prepared her lunch and thank her. This proved an excellent way of becoming acquainted and caused much merriment.

The very constructive theme for the day was, "Ideas and Ways to Increase Relief Society Membership," and was carried out by most of the wards in their skits and table decorations. The Inglewood Ward won the prize for the best table decoration. Carrying out the theme of their skit on nutrition, this table was decorated with horns of plenty containing colorful fruits and vegetables. Santa Monica Ward won the prize for the best skit, with its dramatic presentation of the founding of the Church and the organization of the Relief Society. Continuity for the skit was written by Clarissa Claridge of Santa Monica Ward. Approximately 150 Relief Society members were present. Josephine Barl Prestwich is the president of t Relief Society in the Inglewo Stake.

Blaine Stake (Fairfield, Idaho)

FLORENCE S. HART, secreta treasurer of the Jerome W Relief Society, of which Elizab Wray is president, submitted a port of the recent program honori its charter members, from wh the following excerpts are quot "Four charter members, whose co bined ages equal 324 years, w guests of honor at a meeting of t Jerome Ward Relief Society. A s cially arranged program paid trib to Annie Thompson, 78, M Blunt, 84, Phena Sidwell, 82, a Nancy McJunkin, 80. Tribute w paid to the honored guests and ea was presented with a corsage. Si ilar tokens were sent to Kate Fo man, Dina Karren and Mrs. Jan Humphries, who were homebou Refreshments were served followi the program. Our Relief Society H been organized twenty-seven year The Blaine Stake Relief Soci president is Eva Pond.

Washington Stake

(Washington, D. C.)

ANNA LAURA STOHL CANNON, president of the Chevy Chase Ward Relief Society, has reported the very successful musicale and reception held by the ward Saturday evening, March 22, 1941, in observance of the ninety-ninth anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society. Well accepted by the audience as a fine addition to the excellent musical program, was a group of readings—"The Story of Wheat." The first of these readings dealt with Joseph in Egypt, based on Genesis, 41:1-54, and was read by Edith Dinwoodey. The second section, entitled, "Emmeline B. Wells and the Relief Society," was read by Alice Wilkinson from text compiled by Olga W. Snell especially for this occasion. The text was based on articles on the Relief Society grain-saving activities written by Annie Wells Cannon, former member of the General Board of Relief Society, and appearing in the *Relief Society Magazine*, February, 1915, page 51, and on other articles dealing with this activity and appearing in the *Relief Society Magazine*, October, 1940, and in *The Improvement Era*, March, 1941, page 142. Participating in the musicale was the Chevy Chase Ward choir, with Ann Pearson, director, and Frances Berrett, accompanist, and vocal and instrumental soloists, Afton Margetts, Ellen Neilson Barnes and Betty Langlois. The invocation was offered by Louise C. Bennion, then president of the Washington Stake Relief Society.

Hyrum Stake (Hyrum, Utah)

THE following report of the observance of the ninety-ninth anniversary of Relief Society on March 17 by the two Relief Societies in Wellsville was submitted by Bessie H. Jones, president of Wellsville Second Ward: "We were hostesses to our sister ward, Wellsville First Ward. All appointments were carried out in our Relief Society colors,

BANQUET HELD MARCH 17, 1941, TWO WELLSVILLE WARDS

SINGING MOTHERS OF WELLSVILLE SECOND WARD WHO PRESENTE OPERETTA, "FRIENDSHIP, OR IN MOZART'S TIME"

blue and gold. Our program was furnished by the Singing Mothers, including presentation by a group from the Second Ward of an operetta, entitled, 'Friendship, or in Mozart's Time.' A banquet, under the able direction of our refreshment committee, was served to 210. Toasts were given to old and new members." Minnie A. Miller is the Hyrum Stake Relief Society president.

Nevada Stake (Ely, Nevada)

HOPE BROADBENT, first counselor and stake centennial chairman, has submitted the following details of an activity planned to serve both as a memorial to the recently retired stake Relief Society president, Anna M. Aljets, and as a nucleus for future stake and ward anniversary programs on March 17, and for the coming centennial observances in 1942. The plan for this activity developed from the general desire of the wards to join in presenting a token of appreciation to Mrs. Aljets, from her interest in the preparation and preservation of the Relief Society histories of the ward and from the desire of the stak board to have recorded the impre sive and beautiful faith-promotin stories of Relief Society women. Th plan developed by the stake boar was for the wards to prepare tw loose-leaf scrapbooks—one for pre entation to Mrs. Aljets and one to b retained by the stake board, an added to periodically. In arrangin for each ward to prepare its individ ual pages for these two scrapbook the stake board also suggested tha each ward prepare and continue t preserve its own ward Relief Societ history. The stake board provide each of the wards with pages 11½ inches by 15½ inches in size for us in preparing their individual materi al. The tentative plan of content outlined by the stake board for eac ward was as follows: (1) Organiza tion—date of organization and reo ganizations, pictures and names o officers, biographical histories achievements and personal stories (2) History—relating to the war Relief Society both before an

after inclusion in the Nevada Stake; (3) Activity — such as successful parties, *Magazine* and membership activities, bazaars, dinners, beautification and other special activities sponsored by the ward Relief Society, to be accompanied by drawings and pictures; (4) Welfare work—both Relief Society activities, as such, and assistance by the Society in the interest of the Church welfare program; (5) Reminiscence—including references to visits, experiences, and associations with ward and stake Relief Society workers; (6) Faith-promoting stories —collected especially from the older members of the Society and signed personally by them wherever possible.

The wards adopted the plan wholeheartedly, using their own ingenuity in collecting and arranging the material, with the result that each ward record for this scrapbook represented the work of many individuals and included stories, experiences, original verse, songs, pictures and illustrations.

The completed and assembled scrapbook for Mrs. Aljets was presented to her on the evening of March 8, 1941, at a well-arranged program honoring all past officers of the Nevada Stake Relief Society, when special tribute was paid to each of the three past presidents and a pledge of support was given to the present president, Mrs. Nellie C. Brunson.

The continuity of the tribute to the past officers was adapted from "My Relief Society Tapestry," by Mary Grant Judd, *Relief Society Magazine*, March, 1940, page 165, with the poem, "Your Tapestry," by Lucy H. Nielson, *Relief Society Magazine*, October, 1938, page 683, forming the introduction. A beautiful verse was selected for tribute to each president, portraying her outstanding virtue, followed by an appropriate hymn, also emphasizing this virtue, sung as a solo. During the musical tribute, a lovely corsage made by the stake work-and-business leader was presented to each president in turn.

The audience, which filled the auditorium, was profoundly impressed by the beauty and appropriateness of the program. Representatives were present from all but three of the most distant branches, some of the women having traveled over 200 miles to attend. The success and value of this project are summarized in the following words from Mrs. Broadbent's statement: "Certainly the compilation of our scrapbook histories measured up to our expectations. Never have we experienced such united effort and such deep joy and satisfaction in the results of our efforts. The scrapbook is lovely to look at, but beneath the appearance is a heart and soul that stirs the reader to great depths because it represents the life of the Nevada Stake Relief Society up to the present time. Before we start on the second century in the life of the Relief Society, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our record up to date is well written and preserved."

Weiser Stake (Weiser, Idaho)

THE accompanying picture shows the cast of the pageant, "The Gate Beautiful," which was published in the *Relief Society Magazine*, April, 1935, page 226, and which was the main feature of the

CAST OF RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PAGEANT, WEISER WARD

Relief Society anniversary program presented by the Weiser Ward, of which Laura C. Dorius is president. Musical numbers and a talk on the history of Relief Society were other features of the program, which was followed by a dance. The Weiser Ward was honored in having Edith Brown, Weiser Stake Relief Society president, as the reader for the pageant.

Beaver Stake (Beaver, Utah)

BERTHA T. SWINDLEHURST, stake secretary-treasurer, sent the following report: "On June 17, 1941, our stake held one of the most successful spring conferences we have ever had in Beaver Stake. Each ward was well represented to receive the general instructions given. At the beginning of 1941, the stake adopted the following slogan: '100 Percent Visiting Teaching in Each Ward of Beaver Stake This Year.' We are happy to report that up to date we have reached our goal.

"One of our board members, Mae C. White, wrote a pageant depicting the history of the organization of th Relief Society work in Beaver Stak This was presented to the 176 pe sons present, and it was thorough enjoyed by all. We also prepare a display of pioneer relics, and the close of the program light r freshments were served to all." Lac R. Nowers is Beaver Stake Reli Society president.

California Mission
(Los Angeles, California)

MINNIE A. BLOOD, presider of the Relief Societies in th California Mission, forwarded very interesting report of the ob servance of the ninety-ninth ann versary of Relief Society in th Bakersfield Relief Society, writte by Millie M. Houldridge, presiden from which the following excerpt are quoted:

"Enclosed is a picture of th March 17 celebration of the Baker field Relief Society. The ladies ar seated at tables decorated to repre sent a particular month. As a featur of the program, a speaker at eac table told why the particular mont

represented by that table was famous. The table for March—Relief Society anniversary month—was the special table. The person whose birthday was nearest March 17 opened gifts brought to the Relief Society, and the person whose birthday was next nearest cut the large blue and gold birthday cake seen in the foreground.

"Our very special guest, seated in the center front, was Hannah Miller, who died a week later, on March 24, in her ninety-seventh year. She was born in Wales, November 21, 1844, and moved to Australia when quite young, her father having been sent there by the King on a mining expedition. When she was ten years of age she was baptized in the ocean. Two years later she and her brother were sent with a group of Latter-day Saints to the United States, landing on the West Coast and staying in San Bernardino, California, until President Brigham Young called the Saints to Utah. She walked with the train of pioneers across the desert and mountain paths to Salt Lake." In order to be with her brother, she returned to California in about 1875, after the death of her first husband and her son, and resided there for the remainder of her life. She had charge of the village postoffice until a few months before her death.

"Another special guest at the anniversary celebration was Millicent Curtis Smith. She was called to be the first Relief Society president in Bakersfield, serving for over seven years as president, and then as secretary for several years. She is seventy-four years of age and still a faithful Relief Society member.

"We have two other sisters who were charter members in the Bakersfield Relief Society, which was organized November 30, 1919. They are Maude Allen Bunting and Elizabeth Tuckett Brimhall. Mrs. Brimhall's great grandmother, Sophia Packard, was at the meeting on March 17, 1842, when the Relief Society was organized."

ANNIVERSARY LUNCHEON, MARCH 17, 1941, BAKERSFIELD RELIEF SOCIETY

Blackfoot Stake (Blackfoot, Idaho)

ON May, 13, 1941, living past presidents of the Blackfoot Second Ward Rel Society were honored at a social by the officers and the members of the wa Relief Society.

Standing, left to right, Cecil Clifford Spindler, now of Sacramento, California; Ja Harward, Salt Lake City; Emma Merkley, Blackfoot; Jane Terry, Salt Lake City; I Eskelsen, Blackfoot; Afton Johnston, Blackfoot; Sarah Marshall, Blackfoot.

Sitting, left to right, Mary E. Jacobs, Blackfoot; Flora Johnston, Blackfoot; Kathri Heese, Blackfoot, first president; Viola Goates, Blackfoot, present president. Each gu was presented with a hand-painted memory book. The stake Relief Society preside is Mary S. Bills.

PAST PRESIDENTS OF SOUTH SEVIER STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Matilda B. Ross, Nina Hanson, Ada Anderson, Anetta Christense Jetta Marquardson

South Sevier Stake (Elsinore, Utah)

AN interesting program and social was given at the Elsinore Recreation Hall, May 17, 1941, by the South Sevier Stake Relief Societ president and board. A unique fe ture of this entertainment was th presence of all former stake Reli

Society presidents, who were paid lovely tributes and presented with beautiful corsages.

The main feature of the program was a pageant, "Mothers of Our Nation," by Mabel S. Harmer. This was taken from the *Relief Society Magazine* for May, 1935, page 308. A group of thirty Singing Mothers furnished the music. A reception followed. Two lovely girls in formal dresses of Relief Society colors presided at the refreshment table, which was beautiful with its English lace cloth, its crystal candleholders with blue candles, and its large crystal bowl with yellow and white snapdragons placed on a reflector. Refreshments were daintily served to nearly 300.

The past presidents honored on this occasion were: Matilda B. Ross, of Los Angeles, the first president; Nina Hanson, of Salt Lake City, the second; and Ada Anderson and Annetta Christensen, of Elsinore, the third and fourth, respectively.

Since this party, the stake Relief Society board was reorganized on June 22, 1941, with Jennie Brown succeeding Mrs. Jetta Marquardson as stake Relief Society president.

DEATH

Anna H. Michie

All down through time's vast, endless reaching hall
Mankind of Death has harbored inward fear,
Has grieved that friends must ever heed the call,
Has mourned the parting of some loved one dear—
In awe at this great, ruthless reaper's stealth;
Found naught can stay his hand—not will, nor wealth,
Not poverty, nor love, nor haughty pride;
But ever does he come, and year on year
He searches out his victims where they bide,
And soon or late with Death we all must ride.

Ah, could we but forget tradition's fright
And only glimpse the truth beyond the veil,
Nor harbor secret dread of coming plight,
But Death's cold grasp with reassurance hail!
'Tis but a quickening of the human soul,
Its homing to its well-earned cherished goal;
And Death, as thought, is not the ruthless thing—
'Tis you who sets the heights your soul shall scale;
To you the door of endless progress swings;
You mount the steps when Death your message brings.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Articles of Faith, by James E. Talmage

Lesson 2

CHAPTER 2, GOD AND THE HOLY TRINITY

(Tuesday, November 4, 1941)

I. Lesson Aim: To lead the class members to a greater awareness of the reality of the Godhead and to an understanding of the true nature of its personnel.

II. Approach to the Lesson: The class leader might place herself in the position of an investigator of the Gospel, and as such she would ask questions of the class members which would assist her in arriving at a correct understanding of the nature of the Godhead. As members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the class members would defend, explain, and justify their belief and faith in the Godhead. The class leader, if she feels that the class members have not been sufficiently motivated by the previous general class assignment, could give questions to individuals in advance of the actual presentation of the lesson and ask them to prepare an answer.

III. The questions and projects listed below under each major division of the lesson are merely suggestive, and may be utilized to promote discussion.

MAJOR DIVISIONS OF THE LESSON

A. The reality of the existence of God (*Articles of Faith*, James E. Talmage, pp. 29-39)

1. Show that the exercise of faith is dependent upon a knowledge of the existence of God.
2. Give examples from your own experience to show that a belief in God is natural and necessary among humankind.
3. What is the general belief of mankind as to the existence of God?
4. What are the areas from which mankind draws its evidence to prove the existence of God? Which of these evidences appears to you to be the most important? Why?
5. Summarize the evidence upon which your belief in the existence of God is founded.

B. The Godhead—a Trinity (*Articles of Faith*, James E. Talmage, pp. 39-42)

1. How can you account for the sectarian view of God, with its emphasis on immateriality and three Gods in one?
2. In what sense is the Godhead

"trinity"—that is, a unity of three personages?

3. Explain the interrelation between the three personages in the God head. (See note 11 in Appendix 2 in the last part of the "Articles of Faith." This note should be considered in the presentation of the lesson and might be assigned to a class member to be given as a special report.)
4. What was the unique contribution that Joseph Smith made to the theology of the world in regard to the Godhead?

C. Divine Attributes of the Godhead (*Articles of Faith*, James E. Talmage, pp. 42-44)

1. Summarize the most important of the Divine attributes as attested by scripture.
2. Which of the attributes possessed by God give you most comfort in times of stress and sorrow? Explain.

D. Non-Mormon Views of the Godhead (*Articles of Faith*, James E. Talmage, pp. 44-48)

1. Have some member of the class who joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as a convert relate the change which took place in her concept of God after she came in contact with the Restored Gospel.

Through the study of the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, many beautiful passages of scripture will be revealed. Class leaders should be alert to familiarize the class members with these choice quotations. Where there is a blackboard in the classroom one or more of these passages of scripture might be written on the blackboard before the beginning of the class period. Thought-provoking passages of scripture are found in this lesson. Two such follow:

"For every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God." (Hebrews 3:4)

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." (Romans 11:33)

The class leader at the conclusion of the lesson discussion based on the above questions could profitably give a summarization of the major points.

Visiting Teachers' Messages To The Home

Lesson 2

Prayer as an Expression of Faith

(Tuesday, November 4, 1941)

PRAYER, in general, is communion with God. It is a way of knowing His will, of acquiring insight into spiritual truth, of keeping in tune with the Infinite; it is a source of spiritual power and mental peace, an expression of faith in Him. Jesus in Gethsemane found prayer a fountain of strength for the terrible ordeal which he was to undergo on the cross.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint," Christ told his disciples when he was on the earth in

the flesh (Luke 18:1), and in our own time he said to the Prophet Joseph Smith, "Therefore, let the Church [obviously its separate members] take heed and pray always, lest they fall into temptation." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 20:33)

In his Sermon on the Mount, Jesus showed his Apostles how to pray. This was in answer to a question by them. "After this manner therefore pray ye." Then he gave the most famous prayer in history. It contains but sixty-four words, and is so simple that even a child can understand it. Forty nine of its sixty-four words have only one syllable.

He told them to pray to "our Father which art in heaven." All mankind are His children, no matter when they lived or where, whether their skin is black or yellow or white, whether they are ignorant or learned. In our Church we are instructed to pray "in the name of Jesus Christ." The phrase "hallowed be Thy name" implies not only that we hold God's name in reverence, but that we seek to honor him in our way of living, as a son does his earthly father when he lives a good life.

In this prayer we are enjoined to pray that the will or law of God shall be obeyed here as it is in heaven, that His kingdom shall be established and maintained on earth. This phrase is full of meaning to us. Jesus says here that we are to ask for our daily bread. This means that it is proper to pray for material things—food, clothes, shelter, and other material necessities. We should not, however, forget that there are things higher than the physical. We are instructed to pray for forgiveness of sins, but we can obtain forgiveness only on condition that we forgive others. It is important to remember this. (The phrase "lead us not into temptation," given in the King James' translation of the *Bible*, is given by the Prophet Joseph in his *Inspired Revision of the Bible* as, "Suffer us not to be led into temptation.") In the last sentence of the prayer we are required to acknowledge in humility the power and the kingdom and the glory that is beyond our comprehension.

"Be thou humble," said the Lord to us in this age, "and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand, and give answer to thy prayer." And again: "Pray in secret and vocally and in public." The Prophet counseled the brethren, and the advice is equally applicable to the sisters: "Seek to know God in your closets. . . . Follow the directions of the *Book of Mormon*, and pray over, and for your families, your cattle, your flocks, your herds, your corn, and all things that you possess; ask the blessing of God upon all your labors, and everything that you engage in." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith, p. 247)

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is prayer an expression of faith in God?

2. What should be one's attitude if he sees no answer to his prayer?

3. Why do you think the disciples of Jesus asked him to teach them to pray?

4. What in this lesson would be a good starting point for discussing the subject in the home?

5. Discuss Bishop Le Grand Richards' statement, "It is better to pray with your children than for them."

6. Read Alexis Carroll, M. D., "The Power of Prayer," *Readers' Digest*, March, 1941.

Work-and-Business
Better Buymanship

Lesson 2

Judging Qualities in Materials

(Tuesday, November 11, 1941)

FOR many years the study and buying of textiles was comparatively easy with only the four major fibers—cotton, linen, silk, and wool—to be recognized. They were usually found alone and not in combination with other fibers. Today, however, we wonder what the coming years will bring with the hundreds of new fibers, mixtures, and finishes being offered in clothing materials, the most prominent of which is rayon.

In order to judge materials and to choose those best suited to one's needs, it is necessary to have an understanding of the factors affecting price and durability and a knowledge of the various fibers and the type of care required by each to make them render maximum service.

Price alone does not indicate how well a piece of material will wear, but if the price runs below or above a certain amount, one should question the cause. For this reason, it is well to know the usual price for reliable fabrics. As a general rule, new-style goods are more expensive because of the risk involved in dealing with them. Many expensive materials are not durable but have been made for appearance only, strength being sacrificed to do so. However, in the purchase of any article, the amount of money to be expended is one of the governing factors in selection.

Width of material is an important factor in the price of any material. Often a wide fabric is more economical than a narrow one, because it cuts to better advantage.

Simple habits and tests will always be of help to the consumer. Of these, the first is to read any labels attached to the material, any labeling on the selvage of the material, and any labeling on the bolt around which the material is wound. If any terms are not understood, ask the clerk for information concerning them. Watch carefully for knots or defective places in the weave; watch for soiled edges along the fold or on the ends of the bolt. Hold material to the light to detect thick and thin places. The more even the yarns and the more balanced the thread count (the same number of lengthwise and crosswise threads) the more wear one can usually expect. Very loose weaves or materials with long floats will catch and pull easily. Some materials may have heavy cords running through them which will result in a splitting of the material. The strength of the weave may be tested by scraping the fingernail over the cloth or by running a tuck in the cloth with a pin and pulling away from the pin on both sides of the tuck. The threads should not separate easily if the weave is strong. Another test is to grasp the cloth between the thumb and finger

of each hand with about an inch of space between the thumbs. Press downward and outward and note whether the cloth stretches out of shape easily or is firm. Sometimes the amount of starch sizing may be determined by rubbing the material between the hands or tearing to see if starch flies out.

Examination of the yarn will often tell something about the wearing quality of the cloth. Untwisted yarns catch and pull out. Tightly-twisted yarns usually produce a fabric that can stand hard wear; however, they may become shiny. Fancy yarns are often made with knots, nubs, or other irregularities. The fabric may look strong, but may catch and wear off. To know the character of the yarn, the cloth should be raveled both ways and the yarn untwisted.

If the fabric is napped, rub it between the balls of the fingers. If the nap rubs away, the material will not give satisfactory wear.

Many materials have finishing processes applied to them to increase their value or to decrease the amount of care that is needed; for example, sanforizing to prevent shrinking; vitalizing, tebilizing, or martinizing to make materials crease-resistant; duralizing or bellmanizing to give permanent stiffness. All of these and other processes which render materials color fast, needlized, moisture-repellent, fireproof, air conditioned, mildew, moth and bacteria proof are being applied to materials. Many of these finishes are permanent, but others wash out with the first washing. Watch for information concerning each. If the finish is guaranteed permanent and proves not to be, return the merchandise

Many manufacturers are placing such information on the label a thread count, tensile strength, an resistance to abrasion. This is a dis tinct help since thread count alon does not determine the wearing qual ity of materials. "Guaranteed high quality," "complete satisfaction," "perfect workmanship," "pre shrunk," and "color fast" tell little "Guaranteed all wool," "guarantee not to shrink," and "guaranteed fas color" are more definite, but no definite enough. All wool does no tell the quality of the wool, nor fas color whether fast to wear, sun, laun dering, or perspiration. Better label are those which say, "Sanforized guaranteed not to shrink more tha one percent," or "guaranteed su and tub fast." Labels mean more i the manufacturer's name is attached

Read labels, analyze materials, an buy those which best fit your needs If you want a cheap material, bu it, but do not pay as high a pric for it as if it were good material Know as nearly as possible what yo are getting and the care it will nee to give maximum value.

Suggested Activities

1. Bring to meeting as many kinds c material as possible. Know the price c each if possible. Analyze the material as to wearing qualities. Compare th various prices charged for the same kin of materials. See if you can determin whether one piece should wear better tha another. Can you account for the diffe ence in price? Try simple tests to se if they help you to judge values.

2. Bring labels found on materials. Ana lyze them as to content. If there ar terms you do not understand, try to fin the meaning of them. (Sometimes sal clerks can offer help.)

3. Think about and list information that you would like to find on a piece of material when buying it.

Because of the lack of available space in the *Relief Society Magazine*, the General Board has sent to each stake a list of references in blue bulletin No. 15, suitable for use in presenting this lesson. These references may be procured from stake work-and-business leaders.

Literature

Humor In Life And Literature

Lesson 2

Humor—Its Meaning, Principles Governing it, and Mediums of Expression

(Tuesday, November 18, 1941)

"The essence of humor is human kindliness. It is this element in humor, which has grown from a primitive beginning to higher forms, which lends to humor the character of a leading factor in human progress and which is destined still to enhance its utility to mankind."—*Stephen Leacock*

Lesson Topics:

1. Brief summary of last lesson
2. What humor is
3. Principles governing humor
4. Words as a medium of humor

Review of Previous Lesson

In the first lesson of this course the relationship between literature and life was presented, and the fact was pointed out that since literature is a record of life as it is and a projection of life as we would like to have it, it has many phases and many values. Humor is an important factor in life; hence, it is significant in the field of literature.

Reasons such as the following were presented to show why it is desirable for Relief Society members to study humor in their literature course this year:

1. A varied program of study is desirable for Relief Society members, and since serious literature has been considered for a long time, a change is thought advisable.

2. We are living in a time when we need relief from tension caused by conditions and events in the world today.

3. A study of humor should serve to help relieve that tension and aid in the cultivation of a desirable sense of humor.

4. Humor is a fundamental part of literature and as such should have a place in any educational program.

What Humor Is

Humor is an elusive word, difficult to define. Originally it meant *wetness*, and some of that original meaning still survives in such words as *humidity* and *humid*. It early had a special meaning in relation to health and medicine; the well-being of an individual was thought to depend upon the liquids or humors flowing through the body. A man's health and vitality, it was believed, depended upon the proper distribution and the natural activities of these fluids. If all went well, a man was in "good humor." If a disease attacked him, he was in "ill-humor" or "out of humor." It was the work

of the doctor to keep people in "good humor."

In time, the humors were believed to govern the complexion and the disposition as well as the health of the individual. If a man had an abundance of blood he had a florid complexion and a sanguine disposition. (*Sanguine* early meant *red like blood*, and we still use the term *sanguine* to describe a person of cheerful disposition, just as we use *phlegmatic* or *bilious* to designate certain types.)

Literature of the Middle Ages reflects this old meaning of the word humor. Chaucer has the hen, Perotelete, say, in substance, to her husband, Chaunticleer, "Certainly, this dream which you have had tonight came of too much blood which causes folks to fear in their dreams red flames and great beasts that will bite them; just as the humor of melancholy (black bile) causes many men to cry out in their sleep for fear that black bears and bulls will hurt them or that black devils will take them. Of other humors I could tell you that work woe in man."

Based upon this old theory, Ben Jonson in the seventeenth century wrote two social satires which he called, respectively, "Everyman in His Humor," and "Everyman out of His Humor." In time the word shifted to mean *caprice*. So Shakespeare uses it in "The Merchant of Venice." Shylock says, "Why I rather choose to have a weight of carrion flesh than to receive 3000 ducats? I'll not answer that, but say it is my *humor*." And so gradually the word came to signify an incongruity which caused laughter as it does today.

There are many types of humor, ranging from grotesque arrangements of sounds or words to distorted pictures, parodies, burlesques, and so on. Sometimes the humor lies in the situation, as in many of Shakespeare's comedies. An example is found in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In one scene Falstaff hides in the hamper of soiled clothes from the husband of the woman he is visiting, and is carried away to the laundry.

There is also humor in character, frequently arising from incongruous traits in a person, such as absentmindedness in the professor who has his mind so much occupied on abstract thoughts that he walks off with his host's umbrella or, to mention an exaggerated story, pours syrup on his head and scratches his hot cake.

Principles Governing Humor

Savages laugh and exult when they destroy their enemies. Scientists declare that humor and laughter had their first expression in the exultation of primitive man over his vanquished foe. Children enjoy the humor of destruction. A broken object often amuses them. Even civilized adults laugh over slapstick comedy based on destruction, such as breaking dishes or furniture. The destruction which provokes mirth is not limited to inanimate objects. When a child, for instance, hears how the cat in *Puss in Boots* swallows the ogre, he is delighted. He laughs, too, when the selfish wolf in the *Three Little Pigs* is tricked into the boiling kettle. In this response, the child represents the primitive stage in man's development. In "The Cremation of Sam McGee," Robert W. Service employs this

primitive appeal of destruction. In addition, the surprise ending is used —another source of humor.

A different theory recognized by early writers is that humor rests on our enjoyment of the discomfort of others mixed with satisfaction that the discomfort is not our own. This source of amusement is seen in comic movies, in newspaper cartoons, in performances of circus clowns. We can all recall humorous stories and plays of this nature, stories of hen-pecked husbands, of the fat woman on roller skates, of the absent-minded professor. We have laughed at the discomforts of each. Mention has already been made of Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with its humor of this type. Aristophanes' "The Frogs" gives another classical example in the scene where the master insists on changing costumes with his slave and then is pommeled about to the delight of the servant. This same theory also explains the sense of humor evidenced by the "practical joker." He is highly amused to see another the victim of a ludicrous situation. It might be well, however, if this type of individual would stop to consider whether the situation would appear equally laughable were he the butt of the joke instead of being the perpetrator and amused onlooker.

The field of humor from which we may draw is so extensive that it is never necessary to resort to the type of joke which gains its humor as the result of the wounded feelings of another. This is a lesson that children might well be taught. They can be cruel in their thoughtlessness at times. On the other hand, let us not be super-sensitive, but be able to appreciate a harmless joke even though it be on ourselves.

The disappointment theory is an explanation of another principle of humor. In this there is a carefully built-up expectation which is frustrated in the end. "The One-Hoss Shay," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, builds up the idea that the shay is going to last forever. The humor rests upon the disappointment which comes when it falls to pieces all at once.

Humor is so versatile, appearing in so many shapes, so many garbs, it is so differently seen by different eyes, and judgments so vary that it is difficult to classify; for instance, try to classify the following from Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*. He tells about a guide in Genoa and Rome. "Our guide said, 'Come wis me, genteelmen—Come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo! Ze great Christopher Colombo! He write it himself.'

"The doctor laid the document down. 'Why, I've seen boys in American cities only fourteen years old who could write better than that.'

" 'But zis is ze great Christo. . . .'

" 'I don't care who it is. It is the worst writing I ever saw. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you've got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! And if you haven't, drive on!' "

Humor has been compared to Proteus, the Greek deity of the water, who could change his form at will. Sometimes humor lies in an apt illusion to a known story or in a pat application of a trivial saying or in the manufacture of an opposite tale. Sometimes, as Leacock points out, "it hides in a sly question or a pert

answer or an unusual reason or shrewd intimation. It resides, too, in such figures of speech as irony, hyperbole, metaphor, in imitative looks and gestures. Often we cannot truly tell from where it springs." A writer of three hundred years ago says, "Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless ravings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way . . . which affecteth and amuseth the fancy . . . it also procureth delight by gratifying curiosity with its rareness . . . by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit . . . and by seasoning matter otherwise distasteful or insipid with an unusual and thence a grateful tang."

Words as a Medium of Humor

The earliest humor was in action rather than in words—in pantomimes, facial expressions, bodily contortions. We find it next in drawings and later in words. Words used in an unexpected or incongruous manner cause laughter. Sometimes humor lies in the misspelling of words. So we have unintentional humor. A student writer made a humorous "tragedy" out of a misspelled word. He wrote: "One night while my friend and I were at Yellowstone, we returned to our camp to discover that bears had been there. They had scattered our *vitals* (victuals) all over the place." Some writers consciously use misspelling to produce the humorous effect desired. This type of humor was widespread in early American literature. Mark Twain employed it in his beginning attempts to be funny, though he soon discarded it for more dignified and effective methods.

Josh Billings and Artemus Ward maintained this medium throughout their writing careers. Lincoln read to his cabinet one of his favorite passages from Artemus Ward's "The High-handed Outrage at Utica," before he showed them his Emancipation Proclamation. The quotation began: "In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York. The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases."

Bad grammar is another phase of this medium. In it is shown the exact transcription of what people do say instead of what they should say according to good usage. There are wrong tenses, case forms, diction and so on. Of this type of humor Ring W. Lardner was a perfect master. Finley Peter Dunne in his stories about Mr. Dooley combines this with misspelling. "Mr. Dooley on Golf" begins: " 'An what's this game in goluf like, I dunnaw. . . Ye're a good deal in a spoort, Jawnny! did ye iver thry it?'

" 'No . . . I used to roll a hoop onct upon a time, but I'm out of condition now.'

" 'It ain't like baseball . . . an' it ain't like lawn tennis, an' it ain't like forty-five, an' it ain't like canvasback duck or anny other game ye know,' said Mr. Dooley."

There are many other means of creating humor out of words. Some of them are the overstatements in hyperboles much found in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* and in the work of Bill Nye who, for instance, says, "There must be at least 5,000,000,000 rats in the United

States; of course, I'm speaking only from memory." Here there is not only exaggeration, but the incongruity of "speaking from memory" about so many rats.

Litotes, or understatement, is much used by English writers and Orientals. The humor of E. P. Wodehouse has been characterized as "sustained understatement." James M. Barrie employed this medium in some of his stories; for example, "My Lady Nicotine."

Other tricks with words are used effectively by Robert Benchley and Stephen Leacock; for instance, the latter said: "The rejected lover in a wild frenzy of emotion leaped upon his horse and rode away in all directions." Similar to these verbal incongruities is the following tantalizing quatrain by A. A. Milne:

"Yesterday upon the stair,
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today.
I wish the fool would stay away!"

Dickens often employs misuse of words to achieve humor, as does O. Henry, of whom it has been said that one may see in his stories a "perfect glory and riot of verbal forms; no one ever used language as he did. He threw words around in a careless way that has never been equalled or approached."

. . . .

"Humor is the kindly contemplation of the incongruities of life and the artistic expression thereof."

Problems and Projects

1. Assign such stories as the following to illustrate words as a medium of humor: "Grandma Keeler Gets Grandpa Ready for Sunday School," by Sarah P. Greene; "Mr. Dooley on Reform Candidates," by Finley Peter Dunne; "The Evidence in the Case of Smith vs. Jones," by S. L. Clemens; "Hezekiah Bedott's Opinion," by Frances M. Wicher; "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," by H. A. Shute. (These stories are all in *Wit and Humor of America*, by Marshall Wilder.)

2. Ask for volunteers to give brief reviews of favorite humorous stories or poems.

3. Give a sketch of the life of Artemus Ward, Bill Nye or Josh Billings, explaining the type of humor each writer employed.

4. Is there some person in your community known for his or her quaint or witty manner of telling things? Give illustrations of this local humor; point out the contribution of such a person to the community.

5. Ask the members to bring in different types of humor and analyze them.

Supplementary Readings

The Enjoyment of Laughter, Max Eastman.

Sixty Years of American Humor, J. L. French.

The Laughter Library, J. H. Johnson, *et al.*

In Pursuit of Laughter, Agnes Repplier.

Written Humor, A. A. Thompson.

An Essay of Laughter, James Sully.

Fun—Ancient and Modern, Dr. Maurice Davies.

"WHEN the sun in the skies of our world is blotted out by the clouds of fear, pessimism, worry and despair, we must depend upon the sun within ourselves. . .. He who carries his sunshine with him on the journey of life has learned the master-secret of triumphant living."—*Wilferd A. Peterson.*

Social Science

Foundations Of Successful Marriage

Lesson 2

The Heritage of the Home

(Tuesday, November 25, 1941)

Lesson Aim: To show that the foundations for successful marriage begin long before the time of marriage; in fact, that they begin within the homes from which the brides and grooms come.

WE are married for only a fraction of our life's span, but the success or failure of that fraction depends to a large extent upon what has gone before. Happiness in marriage is the product of years of preparation, conscious or unconscious, whereby the infant is first formed and then molded gradually into a mature personality, capable of the loves and joys of married life. The roots of successful marriage for every man and woman reach deep into his past. Parents should realize that by giving birth to normal, healthy children, and by caring for these children and training them properly, they not only secure greater happiness in their own family lives, but they lay the foundations for successful marriage and family life in the generation to come.

Someone has said that the home is the cradle of civilization, and this is very likely true. Most authorities feel that of all social institutions the home is the most basic, for it is here that life begins and grows, and it is here that habits are formed and that character develops. A good home is the most valuable heritage that man can have.

Being Well Born

The heritage of the home begins with the biological and social backgrounds of the family lines involved. Being well born is the first and perhaps the most important thing in a good heritage, and it implies being born in a family that is both biologically and socially sound.

Our biological heritage depends upon the kind of body and mind that was handed on to us from our forefathers through inheritance. Some people are handicapped from the start because of a weak body or an inferior mind, or because of a predisposition to such things as epilepsy and insanity. Such individuals are not well born, and their chances for successful adjustment in life and happiness in marriage are consequently much poorer than those who are normal and healthy from the start. When choosing a mate for marriage young people should realize that upon their choice will depend not only their own happiness, but the happiness of their children and of their children's children. Human traits may, of course, be modified and improved to some extent during life, but the basic capacities and tendencies of human nature are set by heredity and can be altered or changed but little. It is important, then, that we study family backgrounds and marry into only those

families that seem to be free from the blights of hereditary weaknesses; it is important to do this if we would see that our children get a good start toward successful marriage by being well born.

But being well born means more than being born of a sound hereditary stock. It means also being born into a family of industry, virtue, and high ideals; it means being born with a sound and healthy social, as well as biological, heritage. There are too many families that fall short of the mark in this respect. They may be able to bring children into the world who are both normal and healthy, but if they haven't the desire or the knowledge to properly care for and train these children, and if they, therefore, fail to give them the things so necessary to successful adjustment in life, they have failed miserably in their task. It means a lot to be born into a good family, a family with pure blood, a clean name, high ideals, and a courageous spirit. Latter-day Saints, for the most part, can feel fortunate because of the rich cultural and religious heritage that is passed on to them from generation to generation through the home. It means a lot to be well born.

Personality Development

Of the many functions performed by the home, personality development is among the most important; in fact, there are some who would say that it is the major function. It is true, of course, that a good home is valuable to society in other ways as well: it provides a channel for the procreation of the race; it gives emotional satisfactions and happiness to the husband and wife, et cetera. It could do all of these, however, and still fall far short of its goal. The home is the nursery of character, the seed-bed of all that is good in personality, and unless it is successful in its job of passing on this rich heritage to the children who are a part of it, it will have failed in its purpose.

The human infant at birth is probably the most helpless of all infants. Furthermore, its period of infancy is longer than the corresponding period among other living creatures. These differences between man and animal present to man both a challenge and an opportunity. The challenge lies in the responsibility of caring for and training the young, and the opportunity lies in the possibility of learning and developing and advancing far beyond the animals. Animals are controlled largely by instincts and are unable to go much beyond them; man, on the other hand, is controlled largely by habits, and through the formation and re-formation of these habits is able to progress eternally. The helpless and plastic condition of the human baby, together with its relatively long period of infancy, makes possible the molding and building of personality. But it also places a tremendous responsibility upon the home, for unless the proper habits and attitudes are instilled into the lives of the children during the early formative years that they are in the home, bad habits and attitudes will take their places and the children will start through life with personalities that are warped.

Home atmosphere is likely the most important consideration in personality development. If the atmosphere is healthy and stimulating,

the lives of family members who breathe it will likewise be healthy and vigorous; but if, on the other hand, the atmosphere is clouded by pessimism and quarreling and hate, the lives of those who experience it cannot hope to be normal. We have all seen examples of this very thing—lives made sweet or sour by the social climate in which they must live. The spirit of the home is contagious in the highest degree; and since it is, a good spirit is of primary importance to the personalities that are growing and developing under its influence.

The atmosphere or spirit of the home is greatly improved in families where religion plays a dominant role. Any number of studies have shown that marriage failure is considerably greater in homes where there is no religion than in homes where there is religion. We know that in our own church, for example, the divorce rate is considerably lower than for the population at large, and that where marriages are performed in the temple the divorce rate is lower still. Latter-day Saints are fortunate in having a religious heritage that carries over in this way. There is something about religion and spirituality in the home that clears the atmosphere and makes the home a delightful place in which to live. Developing personalities need this influence as a background for their own marriages in the future.

This is not the place to discuss the various problems and principles of child training. There are many, and space here does not permit them to be considered. But what we would like to do is to emphasize and reemphasize the thought that a healthy personality is one of the first foundations for successful marriage, and that the home furnishes the stuff from which personality grows.

Here is a list of some of the major things that the home can contribute toward the development of the normal, healthy personalities within it. The list is not complete, but it is probably complete enough to show what parents can do through interest and effort to lay the background for successful marriage in the lives of their children.

1. Give the child attention, sympathy and companionship, thereby helping him to feel safe and secure.

2. Maintain discipline over the child but let this gradually evolve into self-discipline or control.

3. Train the child to accept responsibility and to exercise his own initiative.

4. Inspire the child with ambition and industriousness; give him some worthy goals to work toward.

5. Instill into the child the basic principles of morality, particularly those of honesty and virtue.

6. Help the child to adjust socially; that is, to learn how to get along with people and to make friends.

So much for family background and general personality development within the home. Let us turn now to more specific ways in which the home can prepare its young members for successful marriage.

Education for Family Life

Over the past several years the writer has made a number of surveys of selected groups of university students for the purpose of determining what qualities young people look for in each other in choosing a mate and which of these qualities they consider the most important. There have been variations in their choices from year to year and from group to group, but the following factors were regarded as indispensable or

very important by all: (1) chastity, (2) dependable character, (3) good health, (4) emotional stability and maturity, (5) ambition and industriousness, (6) desire for home life and children, (7) pleasing disposition, and (8) education and intelligence. There were many more traits than these listed and stressed as highly desirable in a mate, but the ones given here are those that were consistently considered as most important by most of the groups. Since these are the qualities, then, that seem to be uppermost in the minds of the young people who are choosing their life's partners, parents would do well to remember them and to train their children accordingly.

Burgess and Cottrell have recently made a rather thorough study of 526 couples for the purpose of determining and measuring the factors which make for success or failure in marriage. On pages 357-360 of their book, *Predicting Success or Failure in Marriage*, they give a summary of their findings, together with findings from similar studies made by Bernard, Davis, Hamilton, Kirkpatrick, Popenoe, Schroeder, and Terman. According to these studies the following home situations are among those that are favorable to successful adjustment in later marriage: (1) close attachment between parents and children, with very little conflict in the home, and with firm but not harsh discipline; (2) good health; (3) several or many friends; (4) happiness in childhood; (5) parents happily married; (6) regular church attendance; (7) church marriage; and (8) adequate and frank sex education in the home. These are some of the factors in early home environment that are shown to have a lot to do with success or failure in marriage; and since they are, parents would do well to attempt to create these situations so that their children might be better prepared for their own marriages later on.

But education for family life involves more than the development of personality traits and the creation of home situations that are favorable to successful adjustments in marriage later on. It involves direct training and instruction as well. Girls should be trained in the art of housekeeping and home management, boys in the occupational skills necessary for earning a livelihood, and both should be instructed in the psychological and physiological mysteries of sex.

Sex education is no easy matter, but as suggested above in the study made by Burgess and Cottrell, it is nevertheless highly important for successful adjustment in marriage. Children should be given honest and complete information on the subject from time to time as they are old enough to understand it. The information should be given quite naturally and unemotionally, and usually in response to their questions. Too often parents are prone to shirk their duty in this matter, and thereby leave their children's minds to the warping and polluting influence of vile and vulgar stories. Morbid thoughts and practices exist among mankind largely because sex talk has been avoided by decent people and left to be dragged around in the dirt by the vile. A knowledge of sex will eventually be acquired. Why not give it in the home, gradually and naturally as the need arises, and in this way avoid the morbid

curiosity and perverted practices that have been the lot of so many?

A good birth, a healthy environment for personality development, and specific education for family life—these are the contributions that the home can make to successful marriage.

Problems and Projects

1. What does it mean to be well born? How can the choice of a mate for marriage affect the future married happiness of the children yet unborn? Discuss.

2. Why is the fact that the human child is so helpless and has such a long period of infancy both a responsibility and an opportunity for the home?

3. What do you understand by home atmosphere? What effect does it have on the future married happiness of children? Give examples from your own experiences if possible.

4. What are the most important personality traits that parents should try to instill into children? Can you add to the list given in the lesson?

5. What do you think of the eight qualities that young college students consider important in choosing a mate? Which to you are the most important of these eight? List the seven or eight qualities that you would like to see a child of yours consider most seriously in choosing a mate.

6. Do you agree that children's questions on sex should be answered in the home quite frankly and without emotion or shame? Discuss ways in which this might be done with the least embarrassment possible.

7. Any number of studies show that children who come from happy homes are more likely to have happy homes of their own than are children who come from unhappy homes. Why do you think this is so?

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GOSPEL HERITAGE

Jeanette P. Parry

God give me courage of tall trees
That pierce the black of night,
Give me the strength of seashore cliffs
That turn the tide's mad flight.
Give me the tenderness of snow
That hides the faults of earth.
Give me the power to proudly live
My heritage of birth.

Mission Lessons
Latter-day Saint Hymns

(For optional use of missions in lieu of Literature)

Lesson 2

(Tuesday, November 18, 1941)

O MY FATHER, THOU THAT DWELLEST

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet ofttimes a secret something
Whispered, "You're a stranger here";
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Through Thy spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

—*Eliza R. Snow.*

THIS poem, you will find, is very different from that which we considered in our last lesson. It is less imaginative and more doctrinal. It is, however, a favorite hymn with the Latter-day Saints everywhere, especially at funerals. This is because of the idea it expresses of the closeness of our relationship to God.

ELIZA ROXEY SNOW, like Parley P. Pratt, came of a long line of American ancestors. She was born January 21, 1804, in Becket, Birk-

shire County, Massachusetts. Two years later the Snows moved to Mantua, Portage County, Ohio. Before the family embraced Mormonism they were Baptists, and their home was the gathering place of many intellectual persons thereabouts. It was in this religious and cultural atmosphere that Eliza, with her brother Lorenzo, was reared.

It seems that the mother and one of her daughters were the first of the family to join the Latter-day Saint Church. By this time the Saints were gathering to Kirtland, in Ohio, and to Zion, in Missouri. In 1835, when she was thirty-one years of age, Eliza, after carrying on her own investigations, changed her residence to Kirtland, and here she met the Prophet and was baptized. From then on until her death at an advanced age she shared the joys and sorrows of her people—in Ohio, in Missouri, in Illinois, and in Utah. At Kirtland and Nauvoo she taught school. She was the first general secretary of the Relief Society, which was organized in Nauvoo, in 1842. In Utah, "she held the position of president of all the women's organizations rather more by common consent than appointment until 1880 when President John Taylor segregated the different societies and appointed and set her apart as president of the Relief Society of the Church, which position she filled until her death." (*Relief Society Handbook*, page 114.)

Sister Snow traveled extensively, not only in the United States, but in Europe and the near East as well. In 1872 she made a special trip to Palestine, and visited such nations as Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, and England. It was on this tour that she presented a copy of the *Book of Mormon* to Queen Victoria of England, who received it very graciously.

WITH Sister Snow literary work was a sort of vocation, though she did not earn her living at it. She wrote prose as well as poetry, but verse was her chief form of literary expression and the form in which she excelled.

One of her prose works was a history of the Snow family, with particular attention to her brother Lorenzo's life, for he not only became one of the Twelve Apostles, but also the fifth President of the Church. She produced songs, hymns, and narrative verse. At least eighteen of her poems were set to music, mostly by our own composers. With the exception of Parley P. Pratt and William W. Phelps, of whom we shall speak in another lesson, Eliza R. Snow has the greatest number of compositions in our new hymn book.

It is not difficult to give a heading to each of the four stanzas of "O My Father." The first states the fact of our pre-earth life; the second suggests the reason for earth life; the third tells how we came to know the meaning of the word "Father" as applied to God, with a hint of a heavenly mother, too; and the last expresses a yearning for a reunion with the heavenly parents after death.

THE idea of our relationship to God is the heart of revealed religion. Everything, in one way or another, stems from this relationship.

In the *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 77, verse 2, we are informed

that the spirit of man is "in the likeness of his person." This fact comes to us through the "Key of Knowledge" spoken of in the hymn—the "Key" restored by our modern prophet, for the *Bible* tells almost nothing about the pre-existence of man. And the idea of a "Mother" in heaven was, so far as we know, never thought of, even by those who believed God to be our Father. The doctrine elevates womankind to a plane beyond anything conceived before. This hymn teaches that God is the Father of our spirits. The thought of a heavenly Father implies the thought of a heavenly Mother. This is a fundamental conception in our religion.

OUR spirits, born of heavenly parents, lived in a world of spirits before they were born on the earth of earthly parents. How long they lived there, we do not know. But they lived there long enough, as President Young once suggested, to learn to know the Lord and their elder brother, Jesus Christ. And they lived there long enough, too, to approve the "everlasting covenant" that was to redeem us all from death and sin.

There was "a wise and glorious purpose," the hymn teaches, in the spirits coming to earth. There was a reason, also, why the "recollection" of our "former friends and birth" should have been "withheld" from us. The purpose was, as we know from other sources of divine information, that we might take upon ourselves bodies of flesh and blood. This was one of the steps necessary to exaltation in the presence of our parents in heaven. It is the shutting off of these "recollections" that makes us feel that we are "wanderers from a more exalted sphere" and that we are "strangers here."

Jesus taught his disciples, in the sample prayer which we call the "Lord's Prayer," that God is our Father, but he did not tell them why or how this was so. This we have come to know through modern revelation. And modern revelation, too, informs us that "I've a mother there." Eliza R. Snow knew the Prophet Joseph Smith intimately, for she lived in his home both in Kirtland and in Nauvoo. She probably learned much of what is in this poem from him.

We live here in mortality for but a short time—short, that is, as compared to our life before and after this—and then, after a period in a disembodied state, we will be raised to immortality. But will we "dwell with" our heavenly parents again with their "approbation"? That depends on how we have lived here. If we have accepted again the "new and everlasting covenant," and if we have tried to live according to its teachings, then we may become citizens of the Celestial Kingdom. In that event we shall have the necessary "approbation" and "dwell" in the presence of God forever.

Such is the theology of "O My Father."

Questions

1. Select some lines in this poem that appeal to you and then memorize them.

2. Give the main facts in the life of Eliza R. Snow as they are told here, with such other facts as you may be able to get elsewhere.

3. A bit of writing often reveals the character of its author. Can you tell anything about Sister Snow from studying this hymn? What sort of things was she interested in? Was she serious minded or

otherwise? Give your reasons. What was her view of life as revealed here?

4. Tell what you know, from any source, about (a) the pre-earth world; (b) the purpose in our coming here; (c) the conditions on which we may "dwell" with God in the next life.

ERRATUM

IN the *Relief Society Magazine*, December, 1940, page 857, in the lesson on Latter-day Saint Church History is found the following statement: "For measuring distance in crossing the plains, a convert, William Clayton, had made an instrument called the roadometer." We wish to correct this statement, for in William Clayton's *Journal*, under date of May 11, 1847, is recorded: "Brother Appleton Harmon is working at the machinery for the wagon, to tell the distance we travel, and expects to have it in operation tomorrow." On May 12th is this entry: "Brother A. Harmon has completed the machinery on the wagon so far that I shall only have to count the number of miles instead of the revolution of the wagon wheel." On May 16th, he continues: "About noon today Brother Appleton Harmon completed the machinery on the wagon called a 'roadometer' by adding a wheel to revolve once in ten miles, showing each mile and also each quarter mile we travel, and then casing the whole over so as to secure it from the weather." (See also *Relief Society Magazine*, June 1941, page 379, second paragraph.)

LIFE HAS LOVELINESS

Lucy Goodrich Lind

Life gives such loveliness freely. This joy is all mine for the asking—
High, buoyant spirit of morning; the voice of his trumpet calling
The earth to the joy of endeavor; hoofbeats of prancing horses
Across the high bridge to the meadows;
Music of children's gay prattle, faces lit up with wonder,
Trusting in me and confiding; rhythm of youth's coming footsteps—
Eyes loving, arms enfolding;
Night's shawl rustling at twilight, spread with the day's sweet approval
Lyrics of birds in the cedars; moon-lighted, shivering aspens
Wafting the scent of the shrubbery, breathing a holy spirit
Over the earth at evening; and peaceful singing hours.

Sooner or later thoughtful people come to the conclusion that only in service is there satisfaction in life.

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